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V. S. Pritchett: A Memory of Einstein

THE NEW

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Invitations from the Kremlin

So the Russian counter-offensive against the Paris Treaties has begun—in Austria. Rebuked for months by London and Washington for his obstinate refusal to sign the Austrian Peace Treaty, Mr. Molotov has suddenly and dramatically reversed his position. Dr. Raab returned from his Moscow trip, overwhelmed by the concessions heaped upon him; and the jubilant reception which awaited him in Vienna was nicely matched by the unconcealed chagrin with which the news was received by Government circles in Bonn. There only one question is being asked. How can Dr. Adenauer refuse *his* trip to Moscow when the dreaded invitation card arrives?

The German Chancellor has every reason for his gloomy forebodings. In recent months the suspicion has been growing fast throughout the Federal Republic that he has paid far too high a price for the right to join the Atlantic alliance and re-create the German army. By dangling the benefits of Austrian neutralisation in front of the German people, Mr. Molotov has transformed that suspicion into virtual certainty. Contrasting Austria's gains with the situation in his own country, how can any German fail to ask himself why he should not benefit by a similar act of Russian generosity? Why should not Germany achieve unity and independence as Austria has achieved it—in return for a promise to enter no military alliance and permit no bases on her soil?

A few months ago the neutralisation of a united Germany was regarded as the utopian dream of the Social-Democrats and of one or two unreliable German generals. Since Dr. Raab's triumph in Moscow, it is being accepted—even by members of Dr. Adenauer's party—as the only practicable method of liberating the 18 million Germans in the Eastern Zone. Of course it would mean the withdrawal of the Nato forces from Western Germany as well as of the Red Army from the East. But in German eyes this seems a very small price to pay for independence and unity. At the very least, it is felt, Russia's intentions must be tested by a sincere and genuine Western offer before there can be any question of actually raising the twelve German divisions and permitting their integration in the armies of General Gruenther.

So far, the response of London and Washington to this new German mood has been an icy rebuke. The Germans are told that Britain and America are prepared to begin Four Power talks on their own terms, and in their own good time; and Mr. Dulles has made it clear that German integration into Nato must be well under way before that time arrives. Such procrastination will only undermine still further the unstable position of the Federal Chancellor, and confirm the popular fear that Anglo-American policy is concerned not to achieve German unity, but to transform the Federal Republic into the glacis of the Nato fortress and make it the first battle-field in war.

What Mr. Molotov has achieved is to make the Paris Treaties a dead letter in Germany even before they are put into force. And if Washington and London continue to treat neutralisation as a dirty word, they will leave the way open for a direct Russian approach to Bonn which no German Chancellor could reject, without laying himself open to the charge of treason.

Will the Western Powers learn their lesson in time? It is a measure of their blindness that they were caught unawares by Dr. Raab's invitation to Moscow, and have treated the results of his visit as a diplomatic defeat. There is something desperately wrong with an Anglo-American policy which is so obviously embarrassed when the Kremlin behaves reasonably and does precisely what we have asked it to do. The fact is that, since 1950, we have come to rely on Russian intransigence and committed ourselves to cold war policies in Europe which were bound to collapse unless that intransigence continued. Now Mr. Molotov has decided not to oblige us any further. There is consternation in all the Western capitals as the realisation dawns that the walls of Nato could fall flat as soon as the Russian trumpet sounds a peaceful note.

The News in Review

The Budget

NEXT month's election is Mr. Butler's triumph. It is based on his economic prognosis and has been dictated largely by his political toughness. So his Budget speech must be regarded as the key-note of the Tory election campaign. In the House this week, Tory Members were well pleased, if not jubilant, and almost to a man held that this was a Budget on which an election victory could be won. Opinion on the Labour benches was more divided. A widely heard comment was that Mr. Butler's proposals amounted to "a good old-fashioned Tory Budget" but, since almost no relief was offered to the lower wage-earner, one that was unlikely to do very much damage to Labour's electoral chances. A more shrewd assessment, if less frequently expressed, was that the Budget will hearten the Tory rank-and-file, without unduly infuriating the working class: at the same time, it is calculated to sow the maximum doubt in the minds of the £15-£20 a week wage-earners, whose vote is vitally important in a Labour victory.

The picture he has tried to present to the public at large, both in his Budget speech and in a broadcast (which, for such a crafty politician, was strangely ineffectual) is of 3½ years of middle-of-the-road good government: the country had been helped out of the economic troubles left behind by the Labour Government, and cautious Conservative management had succeeded in stabilising prosperity, dismantling troublesome controls, and at the same time giving generous tax reliefs to encourage thrift and enterprise. There were conventional cautions about the precariousness of our external balance, but no serious answer to the Labour claim that the rise in import prices in the first quarter of this year is likely to presage a serious balance of payments crisis by the autumn. There was, moreover, no acknowledgment in the speech of the degree to which "Tory prosperity" is based on the dangerous foundation of an unhealthily high Defence expenditure. It is at these two points—as well as on the simple issue of social justice—that, outside the county of Lancashire where the election may be fought on local issues, Mr. Butler must expect to meet his main electoral assault from Labour.

The Economic Background

From an economist's point of view, the Chancellor took an extremely complacent view of the economic situation into which he had to fit his fiscal proposals. The country had enjoyed the fruits of "expansion of the economy": real wages had risen by 6 per cent. since October, 1951; social service payments had increased substantially; employment had kept at a record level; industrial production rose last year by over 6 per cent., and exports had been well sustained. On the other hand, "success" had created its own problems: increased production had meant a rising level of imports, and the terms of trade had altered to our disadvantage—import prices being now 7 per cent. higher than a year ago, against an increase of only 1 per cent. in export prices. As a result, the position of our balance of foreign payments had deteriorated—not critically, but sufficiently to call for the "flexible" corrective of a sharp rise in the Bank Rate and curtailment of credit. It would take some time for these measures to be fully effective; but the situation had been "brought under control."

Looking ahead, Mr. Butler took comfort from last year's marked improvement in the figures of National Savings—a net gain of £120 m., against a net loss of £12 m. in 1953-54. Notwithstanding higher interest rates, the Chancellor expected a continuance of the upward trend in fixed investments—with productive industry taking a larger, and housing a smaller share of the increase. As for trade prospects, he discerned "an upsurge of renewed confidence, and a re-invigorated production" in the U.S.; this should "benefit not only America herself, but also the rest of the free world." Provided British goods stood up to competition, particularly from the U.S., Germany and Japan, the outlook for exports was favourable.

Mr. Butler's Arithmetic

Having thus conducted a brief, and not very convincing "tour of the horizon," Mr. Butler went on to a simple sum in arithmetic. Having allowed for an extra £30 m. to cover increased interest charges on short-term debt as a result of the raising of the Bank Rate, but without making provision for an addition, in sight, of £14 m. to the large figure of £323 m. absorbed in agricultural subsidies, the Chancellor put his estimated total expenditure at £4,562 m.—an increase of only £40 m. on last year's Budget. Against this, on the basis of existing taxes, his revenue would be £4,844 m.—yielding a prospective surplus of £282 m. "above the line." As will be seen from the table at the foot of the page, capital expenditure "below the line" would rise from £501 m. to £584 m. Since, however, the bulk of last year's capital expenditure had been covered by a revenue surplus, the Chancellor decided that about £530 m. of his prospective capital expenditure could be left uncovered by revenue, and that, on this basis, £134 m. of his revenue surplus could be given away.

His distribution of this largesse was on classical Tory lines. In order to ease the special difficulties of Lancashire, he proposed to lighten (by £2 m.) the burden of purchase tax on cotton piece goods and household textiles—a concession which seems unlikely to benefit the cotton industry greatly. That was the limit of Mr. Butler's willingness to reduce the present heavy load of indirect taxation: other remissions, he said, would encourage undue spending. Income-tax payers, on the contrary, could apparently be trusted to invest, not spend, any increase in their incomes after tax. So, "in order to give much needed and much deserved encouragement," the standard rate of income tax would be reduced by 6d. (3d. off the reduced rate); personal allowances would be raised from £120 to £140 single, and from £210 to £240 married, while the child allowance will rise from £85 to £100. On the other hand, the band of taxable income charged at the lowest reduced rate would be cut from £100 to £60. In a full year the cost of these concessions would be about £150 m. (£132 m. in the current year), of which about £40 m. would go to industry—a sop to an already bloated Cerberus.

The effect of these tax changes on the earned income of typical tax-payers is as follows:—

INCOME TAX CONCESSIONS

Earned Income	Single	Married (2 children)
£	£	£
500	1	1
700	2	11*
1,000	7	16
1,500	17	28
2,000	27	37
5,000	102	112
10,000	227	237

* For these tax-payers the starting point of liability to tax is now an income of £566, instead of £489; and a couple with 3 children, earning £700 a year, is now virtually exempt, instead of paying £10 a year.

The whole of Mr. Butler's concessions go, in fact, to less than 15 million people. For tax payers earning less than £10 a week, irrespective of their family responsibilities, the relief is negligible. In the £1,000-£2,000 "bracket," it is appreciable, though not large. In the case of high incomes, where the benefit is substantial, there is little differentiation made between the bachelor and the married man with two children. Undeniably the "middle income"—say, £1,500 a year—class is heavily taxed (a married couple with two children paying over £276 last year), and is hard put to it to meet conventional "white-collar" expenditure. On the other hand, the plight of the weekly wage earner with two or three children on a yearly income ranging from £400 to £600 a year, is worse. For such families no benefit whatever accrues from the Budget. The obvious desirability of increasing weekly Family Allowances—particularly for the third child—was not even mentioned by the Chancellor.

More than that, it can be argued that the benefits which Mr. Butler has distributed to the upper and middle income groups are substantially financed by the working class. For the increase in National Insurance benefits now coming into operation is to be financed not, as we believe it should be, out of general revenue, but by means of increased contributions; and the increased contributions (which significantly do not take effect until immediately after the General Election) will thus fortify the revenue—to the tune of about £80 m. a year. In short, this pays for the income-tax reductions. All in all, then, Mr. Butler's Budget must be judged as a shrewd and skilful attempt to encourage business enterprise by helping the middle class, at the expense of the lower-paid worker. In political terms, this will certainly fetch out the Tory vote. Its final success as an election tactic will depend on how convincingly the Labour Party can expose it to its own natural supporters.

THE BUDGET PICTURE (£ millions)

Revenue

	Est. 1954–55	Outturn 1954–55	Est. 1955–56
Income and Surtax ..	1,932	2,027	2,013
Death Duties ..	164	188	185
Other Inland Revenue	288	326	280
Customs and Excise ..	1,781	1,872	1,928
Other Revenue ..	368	325	304
Total Revenue ..	4,533	4,738	4,710

Expenditure

	Est. 1954–55	Outturn 1954–55	Est. 1955–56
Debt Charges, etc. ..	667	665	699
Defence	1,555	1,436	1,494
Civil Supply ..	2,254	2,158	2,315
Miscellaneous ..	47	46	53
Total Expenditure	4,523	4,305	4,562
Surplus	10	433	148
Capital Exp. (net) ..	407	501	584

The Rest of the News

Overseas

BACK in Vienna last weekend Herr Raab, Austrian Chancellor, could congratulate himself on the successful use of a long spoon. The main points of the agreement he had concluded in Moscow were:—

Concessions by the U.S.S.R.

1. Russia agrees that Occupation forces shall be withdrawn after the State Treaty has come into force, and not later than December 31, 1955.
2. Russia will restore to Austria (a) the former German assets; (b) all property of the Danube Shipping Co.; (c) all rights in the Zistersdorf oilfields and refinery. Payment for (c) will be in crude oil, and for (a) and (b) in goods.
3. After the withdrawal of Occupation forces all Austrian war prisoners and civilian internees in Russia will be repatriated.

Concessions by Austria

Pursuing "a policy of independence," Austria undertakes not to join any military alliance, or allow any military bases on her territory.

In short, Austria gains freedom, both political and economic, in return for neutrality as between the East and West. The U.S.S.R. has asked for a Four-Power meeting to confirm this.

ON Tuesday, at the Afro-Asian Conference, whose opening session is fully reported on another page by our correspondent in Bandung, Chou En-lai made a studiously conciliatory speech. Echoing the note struck in President Sukarno's opening address, the Chinese Premier insisted that the remnants of colonialism must be swept away. China, however, would not "publicise her Communist ideology to add to existing difficulties": she accepted the religious and political differences among Asian peoples and was ready to discuss the question of "dual nationality" affecting overseas Chinese.

IN France last Sunday the first ballot in the Cantonal (roughly equivalent to our County Council) elections took place. Some 59.6 per cent. of the electorate went to the polls, approximately the same percentage as in 1951. Abstentions were particularly high in urban areas; and heavy votes were recorded only in country districts, in particular in *départements* where the level of production is lower than the national average. Results accordingly favoured the Right-wing *immobiliste* parties. Independent, A.R.S. and Peasant groups received 27.1 per cent. of the vote, compared with 12.5 per cent. in 1951. The increase was obtained largely at the expense of the Gaullists, who dropped from 12.4 per cent. to 5.5 per cent. Radicals gained a percentage increase from 13.7 to 16.1, with a proportionately much lower gain in seats. M.R.P. total vote remains roughly the same, though the party has strengthened its hold on eastern France at the expense of the Gaullists. Principal gains on the Left and Centre were made by the Socialists, who won an appreciable fraction of the Communist vote in northern France and in the Toulouse and Marseilles regions. As a result of the first ballot they seem well placed to gain the maximum advantage from anti-Communist alliances during the second. The C.P. vote, meanwhile, dropped from 23.5 per cent. to 21 per cent. Poujadist candidates and candidates of the so-called New Left were everywhere defeated.

THE Franco-Tunisian negotiations this week made heavy weather. In Tunis, there was a 24-hour protest strike of French officials employed by the Tunisian Government; they complained that their rights were not safeguarded. Pressure on the French Government was also being exerted in Paris by a delegation of *colons*. Main points in dispute were reported to be French insistence on 50 per cent. French representation in the main municipal councils, and on the acceptance by Tunisia of an extensive frontier area in the South which would remain under French military control.

ON Saturday, April 16, Mr. Truman supported Mr. Stevenson's attack on the Administration's Formosa policy. Speaking at a fund-raising dinner in Washington, the former President said that the U.S. "was embroiled in controversy with almost all our allies in Asia and Europe"; it had confused and disturbed the American people; and it had been "playing partisan politics with our security, with our foreign policy, with our civil service and with our nation's resources." Truman and Stevenson, in fact, have offered the President bi-partisan support for the evacuation of Quemoy and Matsu.

On Friday, April 15, Chief Justice Warren declared that his "irrevocable" purpose was to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court, and that suggestions that he might agree to run as Republican candidate for President were an "embarrassment" to his duty as Chief Justice. His statement came after a Gallup Poll showed him the most favoured Republican candidate if President Eisenhower declined to seek re-election.

ON Monday, April 18, Imre Nagy was dismissed from his post as Premier of Hungary and expelled from the Politbureau and Central Committee of the Workers' Party. Nagy, who had been the spokesman of the "New Course," was accused six weeks ago of "anti-Marxist deviations." He is now denounced for impeding industrialisation and the development of co-operative farms, and for using the "People's Front" to intrigue against the Workers' Party. His dismissal marks the rehabilitation of Matyas Rakosi, the Party secretary, who resigned as Premier after Stalin's death, and the reversion to rapid industrialisation and stiff "discipline."

AN arrangement at the level of the respective military commanders, which may be the beginning of a *détente* on the Israel-Jordan frontier, came into effect last Monday. The "understanding," inspired by General Burns, head of the U.N. Truce Supervision Commission, is based on three sensible and useful propositions:

(a) that a single, designated, senior officer on each side is to be responsible for all troops and police in the area.
(b) that only well trained and disciplined units be moved into the front line.
(c) that the two designated officers are to have a direct telephone line to one another, over which they can discuss privately and immediately questions regarding the maintenance of the peace.

That is about as far as purely military *modus vivendi* can go, while the existing political situation between the two countries remains unchanged. It is a valuable step forward.

FOR the third time in a year, Dr. Evatt has been re-elected (this time by a 3:1 majority, in a secret ballot) leader of the Australian Labour Party. He had resigned his position at last Monday's party meeting, in order to challenge his opponents, after a group of Right-wing extremists, largely under the influence of Catholic Action, which has split the Victoria Labour Party, had announced that they were forming an anti-Communist splinter party. On the subsequent vote which re-elected him, Dr. Evatt got 52 votes; Mr. Calwell, the deputy leader, 22; and a third candidate, 5. Dr. Evatt's supporters feel that his position has been considerably strengthened and they are now said to be planning a new election of all party officers, in order to remove those who are identified with the Roman Catholic anti-Evatt clique.

SHARPENING its dispute with the Roman Catholic Church, the Argentine Government on April 14 suspended religious teaching in State schools. On the same day, the Minister of Commerce—a practising Catholic—resigned, and on April 17 an episcopal letter was read in all churches accepting separation of Church and State in the economic field, but condemning moral separation. At present, the Catholic Church is Established, but relations between President Peron and the Church have been increasingly strained by his revision of divorce laws and limitation of Catholic influence in schools and public offices. Catholics anticipate decrees separating Church and State.

At Home

IN response to the findings of the Railway Staff National Tribunal about the rates of pay of locomotive staff, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen announced, at the week-end, their decision to strike on May 1—an intention which, if carried out, must add a sharp industrial spice to the normal polemics of a general election. At present, the maximum wage (for a senior engine-driver with over three years' service) is 192*s.* 6*d.*—with an additional rent allowance of 3*s.* a week for men living in the London area. As a result of last December's Court of Inquiry into the N.U.R. wage claim, the Transport Commission proposed in January a general "revision of railway wages," which included an offer to the footplate men of 195*s.* 1*d.* as a driver's maximum, with corresponding figures of 164*s.* and 135*s.* for firemen and cleaners. This offer was rejected by the A.S.L.E.F., who demanded 200*s.* 6*d.*, 166*s.* 6*d.* and 137*s.* respectively. It is this demand which has now been turned down by the National Tribunal. The trouble, however, lies not essentially in the difference between the two sets of figures, which is not very wide, but in the Transport Commission's general revision of last January which, by giving most to the least paid, narrowed the differential between the locomotive men and other grades of railway workers. The present dispute is thus not only between the Commission and the A.S.L.E.F., but implicitly between that union and the N.U.R. The situation is made more delicate by the fact that a substantial minority of locomotive men are N.U.R. members; and there has always been a certain amount of jurisdictional ill-feeling between the two unions.

THE Liberal Party Assembly met at the end of last week in Llandudno, timing its annual gathering with singular good fortune to catch the Prime Minister's election announcement. As Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P., Liberal Chief Whip, observed after Sir Anthony's broadcast: "We have reviewed our policy, our organisation is ready, we are united." More specifically, the party seems likely to put up between 100 and 150 candidates on May 26. There is to be no Liberal-Conservative alliance at national level, but candidates are "free to exploit local situations to the best tactical advantage."

The Press

Fleet Street Back to Work

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: The settlement of the long dispute in the newspaper industry came after a week of negotiations so "tough," on both sides, that hopes of an early resumption of work in Fleet Street had almost vanished. During the abortive discussions at the Ministry of Labour on Thursday, April 14, the starting position was that the N.P.A. accepted the Court of Inquiry's recommendation that there should be "a central wage negotiating body," including the A.E.U. and E.T.U.; and they renewed their offer to let the whole wages situation (including the assessment of differentials for various skills) go to arbitration. On the other side, the printing unions, organised in the P.K.T.F., intimated that they considered the "central negotiating body" impracticable and unacceptable. They gave a cool reception to the employers' offer of arbitration; and the A.E.U. and E.T.U. categorically rejected it. These two unions would not recommend their members to return to work unless the N.P.A. agreed to open immediate negotiation on their wage claim, with an assurance that a figure would be reached lying between the 10s. 6d. offered and the 58s. 6d. demanded. The P.K.T.F., at this stage, also made it clear that they were dissatisfied with the N.P.A.'s offer, although some of their member unions had unwillingly accepted it.

At these talks the employers insisted that there must be a return to work on the basis of the N.P.A.'s offer, though they professed their willingness to begin negotiations for a new wages agreement not later than July 1. Acting as mediator, Sir Wilfred Neden, of the Ministry of Labour, asked all the unions if they would accept the employers' terms, provided the date for starting new negotiations was brought forward to May 31. This suggestion was considered favourably by the P.K.T.F., but was unacceptable to the A.E.U. and E.T.U., who were insistent that negotiations—with the implication accepted that there would be *some* advance beyond the N.P.A.'s offer—must start immediately. Complete deadlock thus established, the talks finally broke down shortly after midnight, and on Friday, April 15, the employers' notices to all printing and publishing operatives came into effect.

The next move towards a truce came on Monday, when representatives of all the unions concerned met at Transport House with Mr. Charles Geddes, Chairman of the T.U.C., in the chair. At the conclusion of this meeting, it was announced that a meeting between the N.P.A. and all fourteen unions would be held next day. Hopes, thus rekindled, of an early resumption proved, in the event, to be justified. After all-day discussions on Tuesday, a settlement was reached on the following basis:—

> The offer made by the N.P.A. is accepted by all the unions as an agreed settlement pending further negotiations. These negotiations shall begin not later than eight weeks from the date of resumption of work, and the new agreement shall operate from the date of expiry of the said eight weeks, subject to completion within three months.

Acceptance of this offer, which was not very different from that made by the N.P.A. last week, represented, on the part of the A.E.U. and E.T.U., a considerable retreat from their original stand. The new rates, however, will be back-dated to November; the A.E.U. and E.T.U. have won their point that they must be parties to future negotiations; and the N.P.A. has virtually admitted that an upward revision of wages will have to be considered—much earlier than would have been the case without a strike.

The Unreported Strike

According to democratic theory, a strike that shut down the London press for nearly a month should have raised the most profound issues of principle. Now that the strike is ended, we should all be thanking God and the T.U.C. that a terrible threat to democracy has been averted. Some years ago, that would, undoubtedly, have been the reaction of thoughtful people; and there still are, of course, many who have remained seriously dissatisfied by the news and comments of the B.B.C., the political weeklies, and the occasional copies of great provincial journals which have been available in London during the last weeks. But a shrug of the shoulders has been a more common response. Were the unions greedy, cynical and indifferent to the public interest? Well, the Rothermeres and Beaverbrooks and the rest could well afford to pay up, couldn't they? And as for the public interest, what proportion of most of the dailies and Sundays now supplies any vital need? What dire consequences would follow for democracy if *Reveille* or the *Weekend Mail* did not appear? In short, the people who were really hard hit by the strike were newsvendors, free-lance journalists and those engaged in West End show business deprived of their evening paper publicity. Alternative ways were being found of supplying betting tips and football pools. If, in the last week or so, less cynical comments could be heard, that was largely due to the realisation that the strike and its aftermath might still further reduce the number of newspapers worth reading. It is possible for strikers to strike themselves out of a job.

The fact that the E.T.U. and the North London District of the A.E.U., which called the strike, are dominated by Communists, gave some weekly newspapers, which do not love trade unions, the opportunity to describe this strike as a Communist plot—a bid for power, not an industrial dispute. But, in fact, there is no sign of a Communist conspiracy. A struggle for power? Only in the sense that whenever the waters are troubled, the Communists seek to fish in them. Undoubtedly they aim at power in the sense that they hope to prove to the workers that their leadership is dynamic, and that they are capable of winning more from the employers than the accepted industrial leaders. On this occasion, apart from the right to participate in the industry's future wage negotiations, they have won not very much, at a very high price. The fact that the A.E.U. and E.T.U. had asked to be accepted for negotiating purposes within the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation would in itself seem to dispose of the theory of Communist conspiracy; for, within the P.K.T.F., their leaders would be swamped by an overwhelming non-Communist majority. They have themselves demanded, and apparently won, a right which destroys the independent and irresponsible position which has enabled 700 men to shut down London's newspapers.

The lid has been, for a moment, lifted from the newspaper industry, but how far the public has seen inside it may be doubted. Less is revealed about newspapers than about other industries, because it is usually through newspapers that we know what is wrong with the others. As a result, the public is perhaps even more cynical than it should be about the press. Alfred Harmsworth's colleagues did themselves less than justice when they said that their object in starting cheap, popular newspapers was "purely commercial." The most "commercial" proprietors have had some motives beyond mere profiteering, while the best newspapers, daily, Sunday and weekly alike, are not to be blamed because, in a capitalist world, they hope to make some honest pennies from doing an educational and political job. But the financial rewards of successful newspaper production have been so great that proprietors and workers alike have fallen into easy and uneconomical habits. No industry has ever been so feather-bedded, and so immune from criticism or self-examination.

The great Lord Northcliffe, who was himself a journalist, took trouble to establish good wages and conditions for printers and journalists alike. His successors, some of whom have made their money in other fields, have been content to pay more wages whenever they have been asked, and to buy a smooth passage by permitting an indefensible redundancy of labour. The printing unions have also established themselves in a cosy corner, sheltered from industrial blizzards. Who can blame some linotype men in Fleet Street if they demand and get twenty-five to thirty pounds a week in the office of a newspaper which is selling four or five million copies a day? Who can blame the maintenance men if, in such an office, where profits are huge and paid for satisfactorily by advertisements, they see to it that there are three men to do what one or two men could do in America or Australia?

The newspaper proprietors, so it seems to us, would surely have gained more public sympathy if, on this occasion, they had said that they were troubled, not by the demand for increased wages, but by restrictive practices, and that they proposed to enter into frank discussions with the unions about the organisation of work, as well as the maintenance of wage standards, and the setting up of a central negotiating body which would be more efficient than these *ad hoc* meetings of the N.P.A. and particular unions.

In the absence of any effort by the N.P.A. or the trade unions to put their house in order, this strike will have had little significance. It has not been a political event, but an industrial dispute in a prosperous, commercialised industry which retains with increasing difficulty its reputation as a public service. And because this cynicism has been revealed by the strike, the industry is likely to become less stable in the future. Until now, there has been, even in the least responsible newspaper concerns, a strange compulsion—understood by every journalist and to only a lesser extent by every compositor and warehouseman—that just as the Queen's Government must be carried on, so, somehow or other, whatever the obstacles, from bombs to earthquakes, the paper must come out. To re-establish that great tradition will now be difficult; if it is not done, the great days of the British press are at an end.

The Multitude at Bandung

If you want to get some idea of how the 700,000 people of the Java hill-town of Bandung are reacting to the Afro-Asian Conference, first imagine the interest which a town of similar size in Britain would show in a unique gathering of twenty-nine nations attended by some of the world's leading political figures; then multiply this by several score. If you want to get some idea of the probable reactions of Asians and Africans, you would not be far wrong if you reckoned that the intense interest shown here by slim brown men and their black-haired beautiful women dressed in gay *batiks* is typical of thoughtful Asians and Africans everywhere. For Bandung has captured their imagination.

This is the first inter-continental conference of coloured people in the history of mankind. These were the words used by the President of Indonesia when he opened the conference. He, and other literate coloured people, know that they amount to nearly two-thirds of the human population. In Bandung, people are proud of this non-White conference and, understandably, a little excited. Indonesian soldiers, wearing American-type uniform and carrying fixed bayonets and machine guns (without bullets), are holding back the crowds from the Concordia Building, once upon a time the Dutch Club, where the statesmen are meeting, and from the big hotels where they are staying. Military and police chiefs have for days been nosing crowds off the streets to make way for the cars of hurrying delegates which, led by the screaming sirens of police motor cyclists, race all over the place all the time. The humour of the crowd is excellent everywhere, and nowhere is there the slightest sign that this first all-coloured conference is, in any sense, to be regarded as an anti-White demonstration.

There is no discrimination. Nothing but kindness and friendliness is extended to everyone, including the British, even though it is still remembered that ten out of the twenty-nine States present—including four of the five sponsors—were once ruled by Britain in the days when it was a great colonial Power. British correspondents, for example, are good-humouredly badgered for autographs by large groups of prowling English-speaking youngsters, just as are the visitors from everywhere else. But it was only to be expected that President Sukarno would deal at some length with the subject of colonialism. Just because his speech reflected in general terms what is in the mind of practically every delegate, it is worth considering it in full.

Colonialism, the President insisted, was not dead. Vast areas of Africa and Asia were not yet free. He warned his audience against colonialism which, in its modern dress, takes the form of economic control, intellectual control, and (probably he was thinking of the Dutch and Chinese in Indonesia) actual physical control by a small but alien community within a nation. President Sukarno recalled—and I thought I detected a faint smile as he did so—that exactly 180 years ago, to the day, Paul Revere made the historic ride which marked the beginning of the American War of Independence, the first successful anti-colonial war in history. That battle, he went on, was still not completely won, and would not be until colonialism everywhere was completely dead.

Sukarno did not go on to suggest how this could be brought about. Instead, he stressed that it was a new departure in the history of the world that leaders of the Asian and African peoples could meet together in their own countries to deliberate upon matters of common concern. It was a matter of common concern that they were living in a world of fear: fear of the future, fear of the H-bomb, fear of ideologies. Perhaps this fear of danger was greater than the dangers themselves, because it was fear which tempted men to act foolishly, thoughtlessly, dangerously. What could the peoples of Asia and Africa do about the battle for peace? Sukarno admitted that they could wield little physical power. Even their economic power was dispersed, and so relatively slight. They could not indulge in power politics. Diplomacy for them was not a matter of the big stick. Their statesmen, by and large, were not backed up with jet-bombers. Yet they could still do much: they could inject the voice of reason into world affairs, and they could mobilise all the spiritual, moral, and political strength of Asia and Africa on the side of peace.

Fourteen hundred million people of Asia and Africa, he insisted, could mobilise what he called the "moral violence" of nations in favour of peace. He claimed Geneva as proof of the success of this moral force. There, he argued, some of the countries of free Asia spoke, and the world had had to listen. Geneva had made it quite clear that the affairs of Asia were the concern of the Asian peoples themselves, and that the days were long past when the future of Asia could be settled by other peoples from far away.

By this, President Sukarno did not mean that Asian and African peoples were limiting their interests to their own continents. On the contrary, they understood that their future, no less than that of other nations, depended upon the solution of international problems. The Bandung conference was not an exclusive club nor a bloc which sought to oppose any other bloc. It was rather a body of enlightened, tolerant opinion, which sought to impress upon the world at large that all men and all countries have their place under the sun; that it was possible to live together, meet together, and speak together, without the loss of individuality; and, at the same time, to contribute to the general understanding of matters of common concern, and to develop a true consciousness of the interdependence of men and nations. Admittedly, there was diversity among those present at the conference. Small and great nations were represented by people professing almost every religion under the sun, almost every political faith, and practically every economic doctrine—including both capitalism and Communism. But there was a real unity of desire. This was the desire to live and let live.

A few minutes after Sukarno's speech, the Iraqi delegate launched a fierce attack on international Communism. "Communists have swallowed more land than colonial imperialists: Asian countries seeking their freedom, beware." Nothing could more effectively have proved Sukarno's point about the diversity of opinion. What can such a conference achieve? Probably not much more than a vaguely worded final communiqué, condemning colonialism and war, and probably including some reference to the Arab refugees and to the five principles of co-existence. Behind the scenes, Chou En-lai and Mr. Nehru may again discuss with others the question of Formosa (Chou En-lai, incidentally, readily agreed to Ceylon's suggestion that he should have general conversations with Prince Wan and President Romulo) and some progress might be made towards regional economic co-operation. All Sukarno expects is better understanding and more goodwill among Asian and African nations. Whatever happens, the true significance of this conference is that it was possible for it to take place; and many conclusions can usefully be drawn from that.

ALEX JOSEY

Bandung, by cable.

London Diary

The only photograph in my office is a signed portrait of himself which Einstein gave me three years ago. Our talk, in the room described in Mr. Pritchett's article this week, is one of my most memorable experiences. He combined, to a unique extent, intellectual genius with simplicity, courage with gentleness, modesty with humour. He had an aura of sheer goodness around him; I felt that here indeed was a character that one could, without insincerity, call Christlike. Pacifist and Socialist as he was, he never made the mistake of thinking that there was any easy solution to the scientific dilemma which he, more than any other man alive, had created for his generation. It was he who wrote to Roosevelt in 1940 warning him that the Nazis might succeed in creating an atom bomb. In recent years, when McCarthyism invaded academic and personal freedom, Einstein, attacked and vilified in the great country which had honoured him and given him refuge, boldly declared that, if he were a teacher, he would refuse to testify about his opinions or those of his colleagues There are people who think that Einstein was politically futile; that his stand for unpopular causes like free speech and Socialism was ineffective in present-day America. I don't agree. His prestige was unassailable. When he said that McCarthyism was akin to Hitlerism, he spoke with authority, for he was the world's symbol of the civilisation they hated.

* * *

I see that the editor of *Time and Tide* has been publishing letters from Christians who argue, as I have always thought unanswerably, that Jesus Christ meant what He said in the Sermon on the Mount. Indeed, if Christ was not a pacifist, it seems impossible to make sense not only of His reported words but of His life and death itself. Nothing could be more explicit than His injunction to turn the other cheek and to resist not evil but to return evil with good. It would be only mockery to talk about loving your enemies if you only applied the precept in peacetime when you have no enemies. These sayings are quite unambiguous, and, more important, they are consistent with the entire doctrine of sacrifice, which is surely the centre of Christianity. As I was brought up to read the story, Christ did not lack the power to overcome His enemies, but chose to attain victory without violent resistance, as a lamb goes to the slaughter. I looked with curiosity this week for the inevitable replies; as I feared, both correspondents quoted as an example of violence on Christ's part the incident of the whip of small cords with which He drove the money changers from the Temple. I wonder how people can go on repeating these oft-refuted arguments. Surely, there is not a more convincing example in the whole Gospels of the use not of violence but of moral force. Nobody argues, I presume, that Jesus was physically strong enough alone to drive out a horde of money changers and cattle drovers? They were unable to resist His moral authority; the symbol of authority in His hands and strong words on his lips, which they knew were justified, was enough to shame them.

The Chinese are not alone in believing that an attempt was made to assassinate Chou En-lai when the Indian aircraft blew up the other day on its way to Bandung, killing a number of Chinese officials and journalists. Survivors' stories, as they are at present known, suggest to European experts as well as to ordinary minds that the bomb went off in the baggage hold. This does not excuse the language of the Chinese Note, which made accusations against the authorities in Hong-Kong before there had been time for any inquiry. But it does explain why Chou En-lai's entry into and exit from Burma on his way to Indonesia have been so excessively secret. One must remember that Chinese Communist leaders have throughout been most carefully guarded. Until Nehru's visit to Peking last year, the mass of Chinese citizens had never seen Chou En-lai in the flesh; they had had to be satisfied with pictures and films, and occasional views of their leaders on far-away rostrums or on swiftly moving armoured cars. When Nehru was there for the first time, Chou En-lai sat with him in an open car as it made its way at a walking pace through the mob of people. The Burmese had hoped that this democratic confidence would be maintained in their country, and there was, I gather, much disappointment when orders were given that no welcoming demonstration was to be made when Chou arrived. The disappointment was the greater, because he arrived on the day of Rangoon's annual Water Festival, when everyone in the street douches everyone else with water. The crowds were looking forward to seeing Chou En-lai, as well as Nu, Nehru, and Nasser, walking, smiling and dripping, through a barrage of hoses.

* * *

Last year, a book called *The Hydrogen Bomb* by two *Time-Life* writers called James Shepley and Clay Blair, Jr., was published in the United States. It is slickly written in the *Time-Life* style; it is an elaborate boost for Edward Teller, who is a scientific genius and one of those most concerned with the production of the hydrogen bomb. It is also a bitter attack on Oppenheimer. In its U.S. form, the Shepley-Blair book was reviewed in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* by no less a person than Gordon Dean, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission from 1950-53, who characterised it as "vicious" and saw it as "a horrifying combination of little knowledge, outright untruths, and questionable motives. It is also, to put it mildly, a case of very bad reporting." An English version of this book is now published in this country (*Jarrolds*, 12s. 6d.). It would have been well if the publishers had told us to what extent the book had been changed for the English edition. It is surely unlikely in the extreme that a publisher here would produce, unchanged, a book which Mr. Gordon Dean, who is uniquely informed about all the events in it, could describe in this way. But, if the publisher has removed what Mr. Dean calls "many sharp departures from fact" in the American edition, this should surely have been explained.

* * *

One of the peculiar results of the press strike is that people are born, get married, and die, without other people being told about it. Amongst the deaths last week was that of David Kirkwood, who was an apparently irreconcilable Clydesider after the First World War, and had attained the decent obscurity of the House of Lords before his retirement from politics in 1951. When people ask how the British ruling classes have managed so long to maintain their position with so little show of force, I tell them to read his *My Life of Revolt*, which was published in 1935. He came to the House of Commons all full of fire and fury; he was not going to fall into "the aristocratic embrace." To show his uncompromising temper, he began by comparing Baldwin with Uriah Heep, and was much abashed by Baldwin's apparently sincere humility. He attacked Neville Chamberlain in what he hoped was unforgiveable language. Chamberlain came up to him afterwards and feared he must have said something to hurt Kirkwood. Davie gave notice that he was going to make a bitter attack on Lloyd George, who wrote him a note apologising for not being able to be in his place to hear Kirkwood's criticisms. He was flattened by so much courtesy, and his book ended with a chapter saying how much better off were the poor than they were when he was a boy and describing, with proper pride, a conversation he had with the Prince of Wales at Lady Astor's. He was naturally proud of having something to do with relieving the misery of unemployment in Scotland by getting work started on the *Queen Mary*, and he became enamoured with the British Empire and ended up in the House of Lords. As an old Tory put it: "It is cheaper and more agreeable to ask them to dinner than to put them in prison."

* * *

I am in some doubt about whether Mr. Robert Crouch's Bill to alter the Jewish method of slaughter is well conceived. If he says that the Jews are exceptionally cruel in allowing an animal's throat to be cut while it is still conscious, he will, of course, have the usual support, not only from all the anti-Semites in the House of Commons, but also from humanitarians who may have not looked at both sides of this perennial wrangle. It is to his credit that he assumes the task of suggesting a quicker way of making the animal unconscious. He advocates a new Continental method of electrical stunning, but the Chief Rabbi says that stunning of any kind renders the meat unfit for Jewish consumption. I have before me a pamphlet about the Jewish method, in which Lord Horder declares that "it is difficult to conceive a more painless or a more rapid method of death . . . Sensation has been abolished at the moment of the initial syncope." (Electrical stunning is said to take as much as eight seconds in the case of a bull.) Sir C. A. Lovatt Evans, Professor of Physiology at London University, says that "to consider the animal suffers appreciable pain is quite absurd." Many pathologists and veterinary men have taken this view—including Lord Lister. To make his case Mr. Crouch must therefore show that these great authorities are wrong. I find the whole question of animal slaughter disgusting, but I ask myself whether the Jewish method gets into trouble, not because it is worse, but because it is different. I believe that the killing in non-Jewish slaughterhouses, though it is still sometimes careless and cruel, escapes censure because no one has a religious or racial incentive to make a fuss about it.

* * *

So they've found a temporary use for the Kingsway Tunnel! Last Sunday morning, I'm told, the gates under Waterloo Bridge were opened and a large car drove in. Terrorists? Could a bomb be exploded under Bush House? Could an express train be wrecked as it thundered down from Theobalds Road on its way to Delhi? Could Colonel Stewart Granger save the train from disaster and Ava Gardner from worse than death? Driving through the disused tunnel were the producers who are filming the final parts of John Masters' book, *Bhowani Junction*. The outdoor scenes have been shot in Lahore, and now the cast has come back to the depths of Kingsway to film the climax. I hope I may be invited to the preview party a hundred feet below the cellars of the London School of Economics. One might meet Lord Curzon, Rabindranath Tagore and Greta Garbo riding in a ghostly 35 tram.

CRITIC

Arabia Felix

The princely brothers of King Ahmed of the Yemen were executed to-day. The bodies were exposed, then buried with chains and fetters.—News item.

In Arabia's fairest regions,
Where the Yemenites reside,
Some confusion of allegiance
Lately has been clarified
By preventive fratricide;
For the King, whom all obey,
Solved a tricky situation,
Caused by slight miscalculation
On compulsory abdication,
In the old Arabian way.

By no cumbrous process legal
Were impetuous heirs arraigned—
Judgment brotherly and regal
Summary penalties ordained;
Public safety was maintained
With exemplary promptitude—
Subjects loyal but unlettered,
Viewed the corpses, chained and fettered;
No example could be bettered,
Or more clearly understood.

Though the means seemed somewhat drastic
By the standards of the West,
Little differences dynastic
Were effectually suppressed.
Public doubts were laid to rest
As the rebels met their fate;
Power no longer was disputed,
Opposition was uprooted—
Opposition is unsuited
To the patriarchal State.

Though all sorts and all conditions
In the free world are allies,
Some Arabian traditions
Cause disquiet and surprise . . .
Yemen does not recognise
Opposition—Party strife.
Lack of family affection
Earns immediate correction;
Allies can make no objection
To the Arab way of life.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

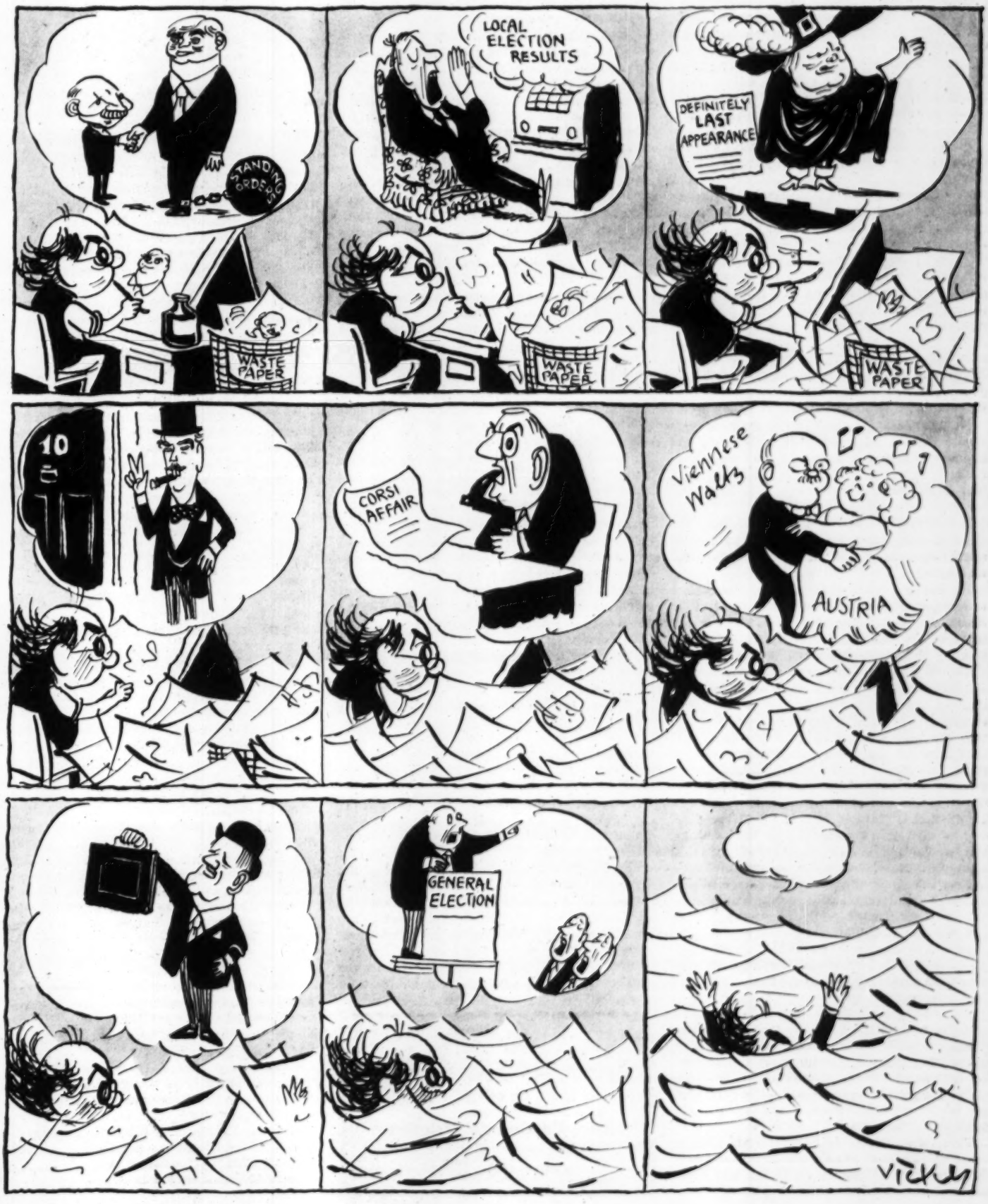
The chairman of the Entertainments Committee, Ald. Miss G. L. Parker, said that they had decided, as the kiosk is already there, to use it rather than waste it. They were not attracted by the prospect of seeing people sucking ice-cream on the sea front, but if the public wanted that facility, it should be given to them.—Report of Council Meeting in *Eastbourne Herald Chronicle*. (B. D. Clark.)

This had the effect of momentarily stopping the fracas, for even the quarrelsome occupants of the dance floor observed "The Queen." But as soon as the band had stopped playing fighting was resumed.—*The Wiltshire Times*. (C. K. Huntley.)

"What with the muddle of income tax these days, it is quite impossible not to become a company," she said.—Lady Barnett reported in *Leicester Mercury*. (I. Chapman.)

Ill-health necessitates Gloucestershire lady purchasing a property in Hampshire Hunt country with 5-6 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 baths; stabling; paddocks and land from 8 to 50 acres. Price to £12,000.—*The Times*. (M. C. Cole.)

Four Weeks' Hard for a Newspaper-less Cartoonist



A Memory of Einstein

It was in 1954. A fine drizzle had begun, as I walked out of the fake Gothic archway of the Princeton Graduate School and round the corner into bosky Mercer Street, with its pretty, starch-white villas, to Einstein's house—smaller and shabbier than the others. "Very English weather," Einstein said. "Just as they have every race here, so they have every weather. They have everything, but it all approaches a common standard. There is great conformity. Nothing must be different."

It was restful to hear a soft, educated European voice, after the rich, romantic Babel of American accents. He sat before the small, round table, where the tea cups were standing, looking across the room to the long plate-glass window where the rain dripped and the trees and gardens of Princeton could be seen in the mild fog of wet weather. He was dressed as he was said always to have dressed, except that the trousers were well creased and I fancy he wore socks. An innovation, or have I invented that? He wore an open-necked white shirt; on top of that a light-grey jersey, bulging over an old man's stomach, and a jacket. There were furry slippers on his feet. They were the easy, shabby clothes of a man who had no regard for his appearance, but there was nothing exhibitionist about the shabbiness.

He was not acting the negligent professor. He was a shortish man with strong shoulders and hands, who looked as though he had been powerful in his time. A short, white, hard moustache was under the prominent nose. The lined and ravaged face was rarely still. The eyebrows would tent sharply as he talked; under their heavy lids the eyes often nearly closed, and lines shot out in stars from the corners of them when he exclaimed or laughed. When that happened—and he was often laughing loudly—his powerful nose gave a charming twitch of mischief at the point where it met the brow. The atmosphere of Princeton is exemplary and decorous: Einstein's laughter blew all that away. No small, correct Princeton smile, but a laugh that had two thousand years of Europe in it. "What Englishman was it who said that sentence—you know?" he said. "You remember? It goes, 'When in doubt, act.' Now, who was that? I like that. It is very good—and very brief. I like it because it is brief, to the point." He laughed with naive and total delight of mind and body at that, waving his hand, in which he held an empty pipe. And (to finish with his physical appearance) that is what I could not take my eyes off in the next two hours: his hands. He was 75, but he had the hands of a man 50 years younger. They were long, narrow hands, full-fleshed, bold—fingers square-tipped with well-kept short nails—the compact, solid, directing hands of a finger post. They were hairless and the colour of old ivory, unstained by the blobs of age, the veins not visible. It was their youth, their solid ability, their intelligence rather than their sensibility that struck me. They were very different from what is conventionally known as "artistic hands"; though really, in will, compactness and certainty of direction, they *were* "artistic" hands. I have seen similar hands on one or two pianists, non-grasping, not sensual, but impersonal, unnervous and certain. Their unmarked youth was in extraordinary contrast with the lined face, that moved so quickly from the tragic to the hilarious.

There were shelves of books on two walls of the room. I noticed *The Bible as Literature*, a book by Max Planck, another on Israel, and many scientific and political works. I froze into conventional Englishness, but his ease and natural humility melted that very quickly. Half-way through our talk, when there was a pause, he suddenly sighed and said:

"It is nice to talk to Europeans. In Europe, the French, the Germans, and the English think they are so different, but when they meet here, in America, they see they are the same. They do not take themselves so seriously as the Americans. They are humble and modest about themselves. They laugh at themselves, but the Americans don't. They take themselves *au grand sérieux*, like adolescents. They do not say they are unhappy; they say they have problems: that sounds more serious and important. In their scholarship there is a great deal of pedantry. In Europe one can talk. A European like Planck, who was a great friend of mine and a nationalist, the opposite of everything I believe in, could be convinced by argument. He was open to reason."

We came towards the end of our talk, when the clock said 5.35. It was not a real clock, but one of those terrifying, clicking machines like a desk calendar. Thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven—one heard the minutes go "clack," saw one's own life and the life of this old man go clicking by in ordinary, plain, black numerals on the window ledge—no frivolous minuet of the clock.

What we talked about first of all was not science, because I could not have understood it. We talked about politics. In Princeton and New York, they would say "Einstein knows nothing about politics," but an Italian pointed out that he knew a great deal about political morality. That week, some young man had been hauled before the McCarthy committee and had said that, following Einstein's advice, he was going to admit that he had been a Communist, and plead his rights under the First Amendment of the Constitution. He stood, in other words, by the absolute of free speech, and not by the relative of self-incrimination.

"What is happening about that young man," I asked. Einstein waved his arms, shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know. They ask me. I tell them"—he spoke almost with the indifference of first principles made flesh—"they must stand by their Constitution. But here, everyone is afraid to stand for principle. They fear. Perhaps they fear being different or fear the community." (This Einstein had never done.) "They fear standing out. Also, I think"—and he suggested this doubtfully, hesitantly—"maybe they do not fear society, maybe the anti-Communist thing is that people fear"—and now came the wrinkle of the nose, the shrewd Jewish twinkle—"for their money and security, I don't know. But," he said, easily and philosophically, "all this will not last. It will go. The Americans are restless. They will think of something else. They get tired of things. It has all been very natural: the smallest Communist danger in the world has been here in America, and here there has been most fuss. It is only when the danger is small that the reaction is exaggerated. It is the same situation which existed in Germany, of course, and the Americans are playing into Communist hands. In any case, Jefferson believed that societies have the right to revolt, but Americans don't read Jefferson nowadays. They have invented an imaginary patriotic public statue to take his place. Besides, America has always treated its intellectuals badly—Veblen, for example, and even," he added, with real incredulity, "Tom Paine is 'low down'".

The clock ticked on. I watched the minutes come up and the gardens darken outside the room. It was not one of those overheated rooms that stupefy and dull the brain. He said that Americans were brilliant technicians but lacked the scientific spirit—the spirit of conducting experiment for no useful purpose. He belonged to the old guard of "pure scientists." "Everything must be for use nowadays," he said, "and that is childish." And now use meant "military use." That was the central horror of his life: soldiers, militarism and nationalism. On the other hand he staggered me by saying that Adlai Stevenson would be dangerous in foreign politics; but it seemed that here his mind was fixed on the disaster of Wilson. He shuddered at the thought of Wilson of Princeton. What a calamity it was that Clemenceau had to give way to that dangerous man! Einstein was horrified by the re-arming of Germany—he became a Swiss subject because of his hatred of German nationalism: he wanted a world where nationalism and racism had no prestige—and he slyly added that perhaps, if Germany had been disarmed, they would have been able to become serious economic competitors in the West.

"But mightn't the Russians sweep over Europe?" I said.

"Of course not," he said. "They are not historically aggressive. They have been so often attacked. They certainly took Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland, but that was obviously in self-protection. The trouble with the Russians is that they do everything in a bad way. They are difficult. They do everything wrong. But it would have been a good thing to have had an unarmed Germany for the Powers to disagree about and keep disarmed."

So he talked on, laughing, gesticulating, speaking in excellent English, lucidly, *à tort et à travers*. Because he was a great scientist, was there any reason to believe he knew anything about politics? About academic freedom, yes; he knew the whole modern tragedy—but politics? And why was I asking him? Because he was famous. One was faced by the whole question of the seduction of modern fame and success, and one noticed that he was humble, uncorrupted by it and spoke his opinions as an ordinary feeling man, not as a pundit, and without pomp. He was merely simpler than the ordinary man. Success, he thought, had corrupted America. I asked him what was to be done about success. He had obviously been through it. How did he survive it?

"The only way to escape the personal corruption of praise," he said, "is to go on working. One is tempted to stop and listen to it. The only thing is to turn away and go on working. Work. There is nothing else."

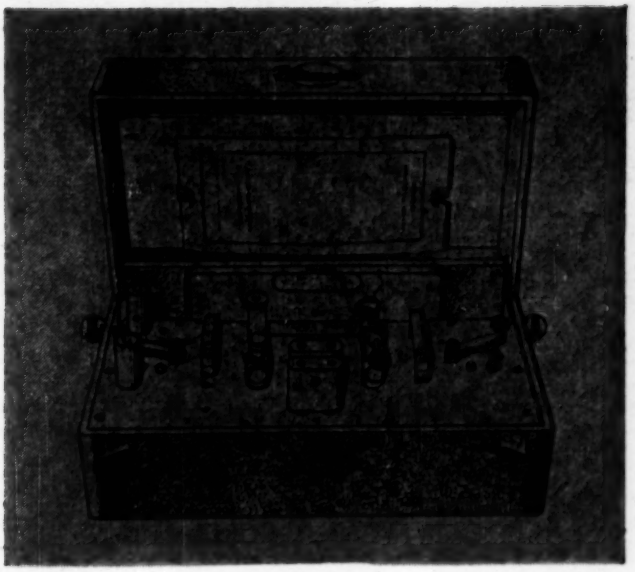
He said many other things which I have forgotten, but I hurried back to my room five minutes away and wrote this down at once while his words were still in my mind. Conversation is pleasure not debate. He had not shaken hands with me when I arrived because he had had flu and said one must beware of contagion; but when I left, he forgot and did shake hands.

V. S. Pritchett

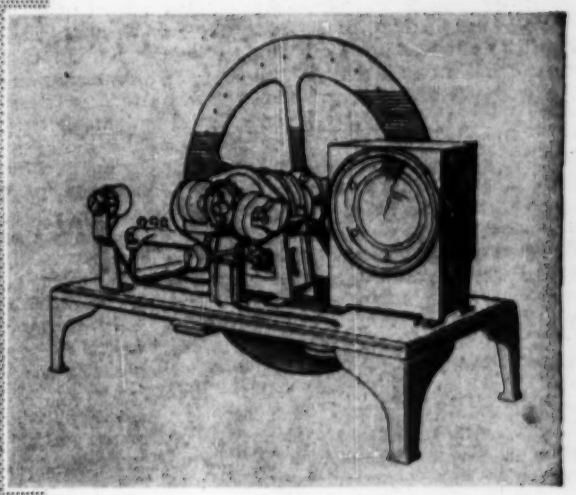
NEXT WEEK

Report on West Germany
R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Passionate Pilgrim
An appraisement of Paul Claudel
DONAT O'DONNELL



Plessey were concerned with the manufacture of the first mass-produced domestic radio receiver as early as 1921.



The great John Logie Baird entrusted the production of the very first mass-produced television receiver in the world to Plessey.

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PP31

After the Strike

As the newspaper strike entered its fourth week, the pendulum in Fleet Street ceased swinging. Alternations between expectancy and gloom had marked the first three weeks: never had the mere fact of publication seemed so precious, and its resumption at times had been looked for with almost amorous anticipation. In addition, there had been odd jobs to do. Obituaries were revised and promised book reviews completed; syndication of news and features for abroad kept a few intermittently active. But as local correspondents ceased to send in stories that were never going to be printed, and foreign correspondents stopped cabling to save expense, it seemed, inside the office, as though the fountain of news was drying up. From complaining that "at this of *all* times there should be no papers," we took to saying that it seemed an exceptionally lean period for news.

The mood was one of dismal lassitude; among journalists there seemed to be little bitterness. I have heard few open criticisms of the strikers, though the pay-rates of reporters and sub-editors on anything near minimum rates—working longer hours and without the benefit of overtime—would seem to justify strong feelings. Most offices were on skeleton staffs and there was plenty of free time. But "I can't even enjoy my days off," a colleague told me. "It's no satisfaction to be at home unless I'm going to be back here again tomorrow."

Few journalists are writers. Those of them who produce books nearly always do so on some topical subject, treating it as if they were hammering out a "story," working against time. It's no pleasure to polish up work which may or may not be printed. Polishing is indeed a suspect activity: "a bit *too* carefully written," "too much like an essay," "he seems to choose his words a bit too much," are all criticisms I have heard from able journalists. Even over questions of layout and make-up it will be argued that one mustn't plan to excess, be too meticulous over detail: "It'll lose the *newspaper* look. A page ought to look as if it had been knocked together under pressure." As for long-term replanning and wholesale reconsideration of their function, I believe few newspaper offices had the heart to get down to anything of the kind during the dispute.

Yet there are questions to be faced whose answers—whether given deliberately or left to chance—may transform the whole nature of the industry over the next few years. A serious blow has been dealt by the strike at the notion of the press as a public service. Some 700 technicians have been able to bring the national press to a standstill, and to cut the public off from a main source of information. In the United States in December, 1953, fewer than 400 photo-engravers brought all the major New York papers to a standstill for eleven days. One result of the U.S. dispute was that a great deal of advertising held out of the newspapers was channelled to commercial TV stations, to whom it was said to be "a godsend." There may have been some on the managerial side of newspapers who preferred a "showdown," if there had to be one, to take place before commercial television is established over here. There may have been some among the strikers who anticipated that newspaper owners must be particularly vulnerable at a season when advertising is at a peak and circulations generally begin to rise. However this may be, the widespread and cynical belief that the newspaper industry is only another branch of big business has been greatly strengthened.

Among most newspapermen it is being assumed that, once papers again start coming off the presses, we shall all go back to where we were before. Is this so? By the strike's third week newsagents were beginning to report cancellations of orders, in some cases for selected papers, in others for all papers previously ordered. It is said that, in countries where newspaper strikes have been prolonged, total circulations either failed to recover their previous level, or could only be restored after at least six months' arduous effort and expense. There have for some time been signs that the period of continuously expanding circulations is at an end in this country: over the last two years the total sales of national daily and Sunday papers have scarcely changed. Gains made by one have been at another's expense, and this can prove in the long run a costly form of cannibalism. The present stabilisation could turn rapidly into a decline if the increase in prices which has been under discussion should become a fact.

For a year or two it has been suggested that several of the popular dailies would be glad to see a rise in price to twopence. Now the step may become inevitable, partly to make good losses caused by the strike, partly to pay any increased wages which may be its outcome. It is said that most papers would be glad of the extra ha'penny, which would be coupled with a two-page increase in size. Only the *Daily Mirror* has been named as standing outside such a proposal on the ground that, with their machines already working to capacity, it might be impossible to provide the extra pages to justify a price increase. Ten-page papers would bring in more advertising revenue, and the argument that lower circulations should lead to a fall in advertising rates might be met by the claim that there had been a rise in the "quality" of circulation. Twopenny papers, with or without one or two mass-readership tabloids at three ha'pence, may provide a more stable basis for the industry. Would they also precipitate a change in the character of newspapers?

Every thinking newspaperman asks himself at times whether the definition of news by which we live is not largely artificial. The arbitrary slicing-up of events into 24-hour periods bears little relation to the manner in which events themselves develop. It gives newspapers that "bitty," "scrappy" appearance of which readers often complain, and on which some of those responsible for make-up pride themselves. It gives rise to the common gibe that the papers never really follow anything through. Today's earth-shattering news leaves not even a ripple on tomorrow's sheet: "killed by the evenings" would be its obituary.

What is this "news" which excludes so much that people want to read, and blows yesterday's first-rate article into tomorrow's waste-paper-basket? How good does the definition hold beyond the outlying pubs of Ludgate Circus? "News" has not always been defined by the narrow and arbitrary limits of today. In papers of slightly smaller circulations, with more pages, the journalist who writes cogently, thinks his subject out, is aware of its implications beyond the moment, and can enforce his argument with wit, may come into his own.

There is an astonishing amount of talent at the service of popular newspapers, much of it used quite consciously in the palatable presentation of quarter-truths and the exploitation of trivialities. The fashionable definition of "news" is the shield behind which such a parody of journalism largely protects itself. If newspapers shed a fringe of overlapping circulation, and the demand for an ever-expanding readership is given up, if larger newspapers at an increased price result in a less trivial and more honourable level of journalistic practice, the strike of 1955 will have been more than a mere breach of routine. It will prove the occasion for a change towards which many factors have been working. I have not the least doubt myself that a public, if not *the* public, is ready for a much higher standard of newspapers and magazines than it is getting now.

Just below the horizon, however, lurks the question which turns all cheeks pale. How far can an industry dependent on so extravagant a consumption of raw material, of shipping space, manufacturing capacity, and skilled manpower of all kinds—devoted to the quite simple task of letting people know what happened yesterday—feel secure in a world where invention moves at so furious a pace? The events of these few weeks have stressed the position, adding the argument that the whole immensely complex structure is at the mercy of a few key-men at many points along the line. Research within the present fabric of the industry we know and accept. But may not some quite new discovery, or—more probable—some blend of the familiar, combining television with the technique of photographic printing so that we take our plastic news-sheet damp from the television set as we sit down to breakfast, giving the news not of ten hours earlier but of two . . . may not some contrivance of this sort one day bring into Fleet Street the quiet of an eternal strike, the peace of those vast forests no longer being felled?

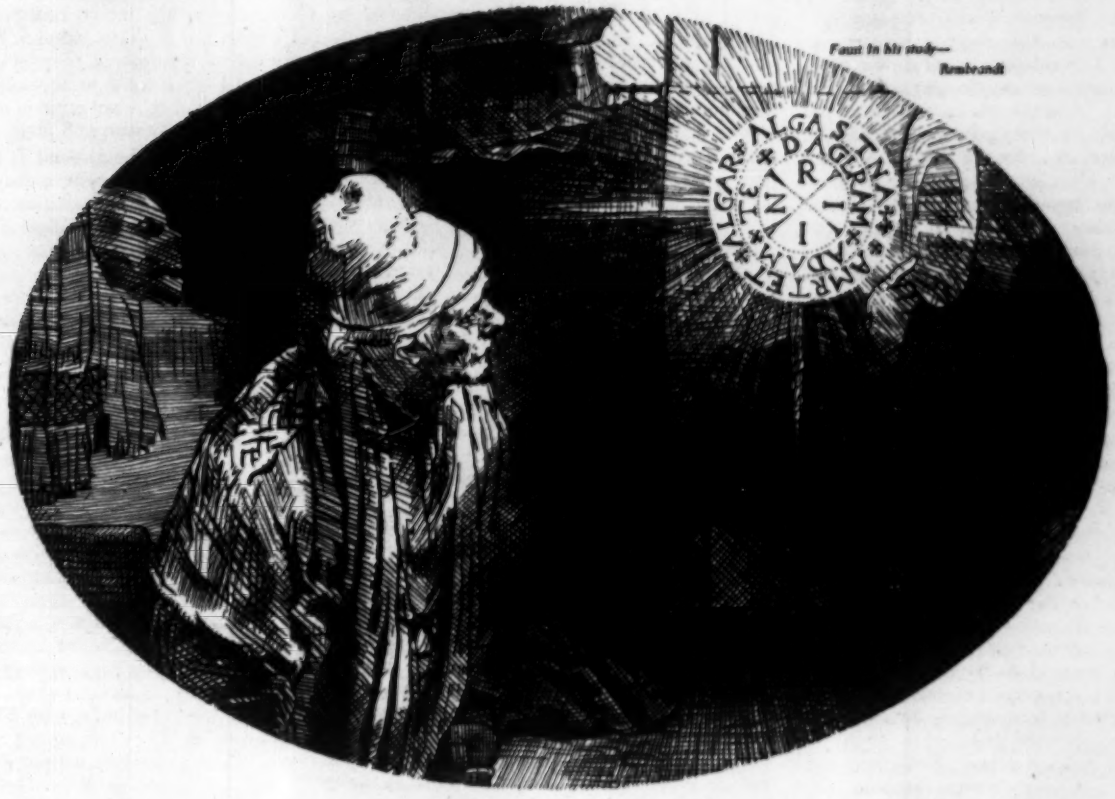
TOM HOPKINSON

Thoughts in the Wilderness

A NOTE ON BILLY GRAHAM

WHEN I was in America last autumn, many people asked me about Billy Graham's campaign in England, about which they had read the most astonishing reports. Not all of them were opposed to his fundamental evangelism—indeed, one or two of the Texans believed in it—but all were surprised that the cool and fairly hard-headed British, three thousand miles away from the Bible Belt, should have contributed to this triumph. I could only reply that I had not seen or heard Billy Graham myself, that the reports seemed to me vastly exaggerated, but that I did not believe that the post-war British were as cool and hard-headed as Americans thought they were. I also pointed out that while Billy Graham did appear to have overcome a good deal of initial prejudice, he seemed to be the essential part of a publicity organisation really formidable in its power and smooth working, a jet engine of public relations. And this, by the way, much that I read and heard in America amply confirmed. Billy did his stuff all right—but—man, what a set-up!

Now, thanks to television, an intimate searching medium, I have looked at and listened to Billy Graham at closer range, throughout a long sermon, than most of his admirers have. (Unless of course they too were in front of their TV sets on Good Friday). Unlike some of my fellow viewers here, a mixed company for Easter week-end, I did not find him personally disagreeable. Nor did he seem particularly attractive. He did not strike me as being in any way insincere; on the other hand, I felt no conviction of a burning sincerity, of that fire in the belly which made some of the wilder nonconformist parsons of my



Man loves to wonder, and that is the seed of his science—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803—1882)

Ever since he watched his first meteor-trail, man has been wondering—about what makes the sky stay up, or why a kettle-lid jumps. From his first uncertain, casual thoughts whole branches of science have been born, and great industries have sprung. His ideas have become facts, and his facts have guided nations. In the research departments of modern industry today, scientists are experimenting and speculating. Molecular structure, the behaviour of light, the mysteries of temperature — their study of these problems helps to sow the seeds for new sciences tomorrow, and to build finer products today. In the great world of man's economic creation, his power to wonder is the secret of his power to advance.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

youth appear almost incandescent. He preached the same old bible-thumping stuff. I will say nothing about his theology, if only because it is to my mind at once incredible and repulsive, except to remark that I could find nothing new in it. Its like can be found on any Sunday morning in any little bethel. And though he was fluent and had a nice sense of timing, he was no blazing thundering orator, like some of the old evangelists I remember, especially the spell-binders from Wales. What distinguished him were his appearance and manner. Instead of looking and behaving like a minor prophet, straight from the desert or the savage hills, he looked and behaved like a rather excited successful young American business man, like one of those well-groomed fellows who sit at tables in the Chase National Bank or the Guarantee Trust, called upon to explain, with some vigour, why collateral will be necessary if you expect a loan.

I admit, however, that this is an important difference. For we are all tied to America these days, unless we are Iron Curtainers. America calls the tune we all dance to, in every possible sense of that expression. Whatever our contemporary age has, America has the most of. It is the jackpot country. If we are safely bound for an earthly paradise, the Americans will be there first. If we are all going to Hell, they will also be there first. Even the atom and hydrogen bombs had to come from America. But now, out of America, looking like a typical clean young American who drinks his orange juice and coffee, eats his cereal and waffles, drives in a big, fast car to play golf, is the bearer of the Word. Salvation has come, as it should, from America. Our sins are being denounced in an American accent. Heaven is being promised again by a figure who might easily have a five-year contract with M.G.M. CocaCola and cornflakes have been magically transformed into the bread and the wine. Out of General Motors and United Steel have come Original Sin and Redemption. Yes, this is a very important difference. But it does not explain the whole story.

Many years ago—and I confess to having forgotten the date—another celebrated American evangelist came to this country. This was Aimee Semple Macpherson. She was a very different character from Billy Graham, and her methods were entirely opposed to his, being blatantly theatrical, brash to the point of impudence, sexy as a touring revue. Nevertheless, she preached more or less the same doctrine, taking its stand on whatever the Good Book says. But she was a flop. The Albert Hall, which can take anything but angels from Los Angeles, was the scene of her Waterloo. True, her methods were unsuitable to a colder climate. True, Aimee was not a girl who could be enthusiastically sponsored by bishops, Members of Parliament, editors, at least in public. But I do not think this is enough to explain the difference between almost complete failure and an astonishing triumph. There are two other reasons, much more important, and they are interconnected.

In the first place, Mrs. Macpherson's publicity was childish compared with Billy Graham's. It is like comparing two or three advance men working for a circus with the public relations machinery of a great corporation or a political party. (If this seems an exaggeration, I refer the reader to the article in *Time*—by no means hostile—that gave a glimpse of the methods of the Billy Graham organisation). During the last twenty-five years we have advanced further and further into the age of propaganda, elaborately planned and organised publicity, high-pressure advertisement, public relations on every possible scale. What was once rough-and-ready ballyhoo, the old Barnum stuff, is now the patient work of a trained staff, able to exploit every device to capture public attention and interest. A Billy Graham no more lands here at a moment's notice, hoping for the best, than a General Eisenhower lands in France at a moment's notice, hoping for the best: both arrivals have come at the end of months and months of careful planning, staff work, campaigns by all manner of instructed teams. Little that can be done ahead is left to chance. Nevertheless, the evangelist, unlike the general, still has the incalculable public mind to contend with. It might still turn against him, even if the softening up process has been carried as far as it will go. The British might still close their minds and harden their hearts. Billy could be a flop, as poor Aimee was. It depends how the British are feeling.

This brings us to the second reason for Billy's triumph here. He arrived at the right time, like the other conquering William. Let us concede that among his vast audiences there are some people who have been longing for his particular brand of Salvation and are genuinely converted by him. But these appear to be a tiny minority. After all, on Good Friday night, he made a long and fairly emotional appeal to what must have been one of his largest audiences, packing the Kelvin Hall, and yet at the end, when he asked people to come forward, if they wanted to make sure that night of going to Heaven, promising them, too, that it could all be done with a minimum of inconvenience and embarrassment, almost like a man arranging a de luxe tour, he had no great rush of converts. Possibly some hundreds may have drifted up, rather as people emerge from a music hall audience to assist a conjurer; but no wet-faced mob, already feeling the flames of hell behind them, stormed the rostrum. If, as we are told, all the other thousands there were "hungering for religion," they remained curiously deaf and blank to the entreaties of this new prophet. Gone were the frenzied scenes that took place every night in the tents of the old evangelists. If Billy is different, looking like a young business man, so is the audience, looking like an enormous meeting not of sinners but of shareholders. This may be the new revival atmosphere, religion in the electronic age, but I feel if sin is to be washed away, in the old evangelical style not entirely abandoned, then far more blood, sweat and tears will be needed.

Coming to the point—and it is the point of this Note—I do not believe that Billy Graham has been such a spectacular success because the British now hunger for religion. (I wish they did.) It is because what so many of us want now is a show, a show that has been written up in the Press, a show that is linked to radio and TV. Aimee Semple Macpherson failed because her personality and methods were dubious, her publicity crude and inadequate. But there was another reason. The people she hoped to dominate and enchant still had things to think about; they had worries and problems; they had political passions and enthusiasms; they were not then completely under the spell of mass communications. Times have changed, and with them a large mass of the people. Many of the post-war British now live from one show to the next, at the mercy of mass communications, which tell them what to expect to bring Wednesday week to life. There is a vacuum that must be filled. Politics, to exist for them at all, must be a show. Patriotism is a show with an expensive regal cast. Sport is a show. The arts are a show on ice. And now, with the arrival of the stream-lined Billy Graham organisation, elaborately geared to the new tempo, religion is a show. I am not doubting Billy Graham's personal sincerity—I am sure he believes what he says and is simply doing what he feels to be his duty —but he himself would hardly deny that he is a showman too, and the central figure of a massive show organisation. And he brought a show to the very people who wanted a show. And I am afraid that it is about all most of them do want.

Now we need only find an answer to one more question. Why has Billy Graham had a more immediate and dramatic success here in Britain than he ever had at home? I have already suggested one reason—the fact he comes from America. But there is another, more important. It will surprise many readers, who must accept my assurance that I do not write without evidence. The truth is, that now the British crowd is more easily enticed and dominated by mass communications, showmanship, ballyhoo, than the American crowd is. The Americans have had a great deal more of it, and for years were far more responsive to it, but while there is in them still a strain of the gullible and hysterical, there is also, the work of a powerful antibody, a strain of the sceptical, the cynical, the sardonic. The satirical journalist and the jeering comic are figures of power in America. Poisons may multiply but so do the antidotes in that land of productivity. But the newly arrived British bring with them into this world of mass communications, shows and ballyhoo, a certain innocence, belonging to an earlier age, leaving them unprotected by any rough popular cynicism. They are bowled over by the new nonsense as easily as the Martian invaders, in Wells' story, fell victims to the strange bacteria of this world. Their minds are wide open as well as being empty. Today it is Billy Graham, old-fashioned fundamental evangelism plus planned public relations and electronics: no great harm, no great good; mostly, just another show. But tomorrow—who?—what? This Note sounds a caution.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Long Way Round

CALL him X., M.P. When he was a child he was called simply Boy, although his name was Alfred.

Boy's father was a fairly prosperous grocer in an outer London suburb who believed that he was being unselfish in stinting Boy's mother of luxuries and in cautiously cheating the Inland Revenue in order to give Boy opportunities which, as he was unwearying in pointing out, himself had never enjoyed.

Boy was sent to a private school. The instruction was not very good. There was only one school building and no boarders, but the school population was divided into "Houses" and had "colours"; there was a cadet corps. The school was called Saint Something-or-other's, the headmaster was in Orders, and the winter game played was rugby football. As the neighbourhood had an increasing number of rising Jewish families, the school had a slight flavour of anti-Semitism. It also had a Latin motto: *Seriatim*.

Boy's father read, and drew all his opinions from, the *Daily Mail*—this was between the two German wars. At one time these included an admiration for the late Benito Mussolini, no doubt because he had made the trains run to time in Italy, a country which Boy's father had never visited. He also admired Sir Oswald Mosley when his newspaper told him to. He was a Freemason and promised to make Boy one.

Boy accepted the ideas of his father and his school less whole-heartedly than he would have done had he been able to like his father. His father very often said that the last thing he wanted was gratitude; gratitude, he said, was repulsive to him. Still, he referred even more often to the unremitting toil, so injurious to his health, entailed upon him by the housing, clothing and feeding of his wife and son; and to the many sacrifices he had made, was making, and must continue to make, in order to give Boy a good start in life. Boy did sometimes feel that the food provided at such cost (though obtained at wholesale prices, indeed), would choke him. And the gloom and ill-temper which prevailed thrice a year, when Boy's father was making up his mind to pay Boy's school bill, including such extras as boxing, which Boy detested but on which his father insisted, ended by giving Boy a permanent feeling of guilty resentment.

Possibly as a result of eating the canned foods which his customers sometimes left on his hands, Boy's father got a duodenal ulcer, which did not incline him to pity himself any less. So that the pressure on Boy's *amour-propre* did not lessen as he grew older. At eighteen he left school to join his father in the business, having distinguished himself in nothing excepting the school debating society, in which he had defended and propagated the policies of the *Daily Mail* with success. But it was then discovered that his education had not equipped him for the grocery business, and his father insisted that he attend evening classes in commercial subjects.

In the shorthand class, Boy—but he was now insisting that he be called Alfred—met a girl called Hilda Cohen who was learning to become a journalist. She was pretty and lively, which quickly convinced Alfred that his father's vague anti-Semitism was wrong. Nor was it only these charms which formed the basis of their friendship: it was also founded on his readiness to listen to hitherto unimagined ideas, in conflict with his father's, and her pleasure in expounding them. Moreover, he was not a bad-looking young man and often had money for good seats at the pictures and a meal in a restaurant.

Alfred's father held such strong Conservative opinions that Alfred, under their influence, would have hesitated to make friends with a man who thought as Hilda did. But, still a schoolboy, he was able to take the line that she was "only a girl"; he need not take her ideas seriously, he could even make a joke of them, or patronise her from the altitude which he shared with the *Daily Mail* leader writers. It was this resistance to Hilda's ideas which prolonged their friendship: Alfred had not much to recommend him to a woman excepting commonplace good looks; but the girl's interest was held by the challenge of his resistance. To oblige her, he went to several Labour Party meetings.

The meetings were held in a committee room with plain board floor, dirty papered walls and melancholy gas-lighting. The Branch was not united: a number of Left members, seduced by Communist opinions, were in schism. During a heated discussion between the two wings, Alfred, as an outsider but a "sympathiser", received permission from the chair to speak. It was not difficult for him to modify his shop-keeper Conservatism to make it support the Right in the debate. He spoke fluently and ingeniously and was applauded by the Right majority. He found this immensely enjoyable. He soon discovered that the Branch included such respectable members as a solicitor and a doctor. He was easily persuaded to join the party. He was exalted by his brave independence from his father's view's; and the solicitor's daughters taught him to play tennis on their court. The combination of feeling bold, with social advancement, was irresistible. His separation from Hilda, who was much too far to the Left, followed quite soon: besides, the solicitor's daughters had fair hair and blue eyes.

Although Alfred's mother had often deserved to forfeit his trust, gaining his confidence by caresses and sympathy only to betray him to his father, he was still fond of her and liked to show off to her. Once again she betrayed him. His father, whose ulcer was painful and whose petty income-tax evasions kept him in a state of chronic anxiety, used such language to him concerning his association with bolshevik Jewesses and shysters who were traitors to their class and dealt at the Co-op., that Alfred's pride was outraged. He left his father's house and business; his new friends were loyal; he obtained a post in the grocery department of a new branch of the Co-op. and in the course of the next few years rose to positions of increasing responsibility. He went in for local politics, was elected to the Council when he was twenty-eight, married the solicitor's daughter when he was twenty-nine, and, five years later, when he was manager of the store, and a father of two children, he was adopted as Labour parliamentary candidate, due partly to the influence of his father-in-law, who was Branch chairman, but principally to his record of cautious liberalism and hostility to Socialism, which suited the Branch majority.

Meanwhile the neighbourhood had changed: in one part of it new factories had been built and housing estates to go with them. This extension had linked the suburb with a village, about which there were a number of small gentry estates. The gentry were able to sell land for eight, and even six-house to the acre development, to house factory managers, bank managers and small professional people. Tudor villas and shrubberies of rhododendrons sprang up. A golf-links was established and the club-house, formerly the nucleus of a flourishing farm which had fed hundreds for ten centuries, became the unofficial headquarters of the local Conservative party. As more than half the new industries were "light", and employed young female labour, the Conservative Party got its share of new votes. The grey eminence of the local Tories was a retired Colonel of a Line regiment. There is no need to describe him: Colonels, like coal-miners, are diverse, but this one was the Essential Colonel. He treated such Labour-affiliated business and professional men as joined the club for social reasons or to play golf, with especial courtesy. Not that the factions mixed much: they were politely divided, like Anglicans and Noncomformists, and roughly along the same line.

During a series of crises in the Labour movement, created by members of the Socialist minority in Parliament, trade unions, and constituencies, Alfred X., M.P., was active and articulate in urging the expulsion of rebels. His upbringing influenced him strongly: he thought the rebel economics extravagant and revolutionary and the foreign policy unpatriotic and pacifist. Moreover it embarrassed him, at the club, to be associated with such rough and irresponsible types. When it came to judging unofficial strikes or to being disloyal to the H-bomb, he found himself in sympathy with the Colonel and hostile to the Socialist working men and Marxist intellectuals who composed the Left of his own party. He expressed his feelings, and it was counted to him for merit at the club, and the Colonel gave him a tip for the Stock Exchange.

At the next general election there was a swing to the Right and X., M.P., lost his seat by a very small majority; it was small because he had a large personal following in the constituency, whereas his opponent had none, a fact which the Colonel noted. X. remained politically active,

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

fighting hard against the theory that the Labour Party had been defeated for being too conservative, and when his party published a programme which contained some mild elements of Socialism, he knew that a crisis in his life had come. He and his wife had recently been invited to a sherry-party at the Colonel's house and their children played tennis with the Colonel's grandson. X. wrote a letter to *The Times* castigating the party's "wildly irresponsible and doctrinaire" economics. He proclaimed his faith in "private enterprise modified by the good sense of employers and trade unionists"; and he resigned from the Labour Party.

The letter appeared on a Saturday morning: in the afternoon he went to the golf-club and the Colonel invited him to play a round. At the eighth hole the Colonel congratulated him on his son's tennis game, at the ninth on his letter to *The Times*. At the eleventh, X. confessed that his resignation had been a great blow to his ambition. At the thirteenth, the Colonel hinted that the present Member might have to give up politics for reasons of health, and at the fourteenth that the Conservative Association might be looking for a youngish but experienced politician with progressive views and strong local ties. The pause at the nineteenth hole was spent by X. in speaking with sincere admiration for Mr. Butler's recent firm speech about wage restraint.

Driving home from the club, X. went by way of the street where his father's shop had been. His parents had been dead for some time and the shop had been absorbed by a multiple store. For the first time in many years X. thought of his parents with affection: he told himself that they had been sturdy, independent folk. When he reached his house there was a letter waiting for him. It was from his stock-broker: the Colonel's tip had been successful beyond his wildest dreams. It would be possible to move out to a villa with quarter of an acre of garden and for his wife to have a new fur coat.

A week later X., rather shyly, attended a meeting at the Conservative Association rooms: everyone was very nice to him and he was invited to speak. Modestly, he refused. He would speak another day. But he liked what he heard others say. He had come home.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Mud and Others

THE accusations I recently made against the I.C.A. seem to me to be confirmed to the point of finality by their present exhibition of the works of a Frenchman named Jean Dubuffet. If all the other shows they put on for the rest of the year prove to be entirely commendable, the waste of gallery space and the abuse of prestige, which lie behind this exhibition, will remain unforgivable. The "works" consist of paintings and sculpture. In most of the paintings colourless pigment has been mixed with pitch, tar, lead and other "products," and then scratched upon, moulded and churned up like mud. Indeed the pictures resemble nothing more than a square foot or so of the surface of a farmyard somehow sliced from the ground and put into a frame. The Foreword by Georges Limbour, admits that Dubuffet's detractors have said his pictures look like footpaths, but adds that "The Milky Way itself looks like a footpath." The sculptures are constructed from refuse: one of the more notable examples being a panda-like animal made from a dirty sponge. Yet even my indignation probably makes these works sound more pointed and deliberate than they are. There is no Dadaist protest behind them. In its day the force of Dadaism was due to its nihilism being an exaggeration, a satire on the hidden emptiness of contemporary culture. That emptiness has now become obvious, and its exaggeration respectable.

Why attack instead of ignoring an exhibition like this? Because behind it there is far more than a single exhibitor's pretentious silliness: there is the whole alliance of those artists and intellectuals who are so despairingly lost in the contemporary world that, as Lionel Trilling has pointed out, they can do nothing but cry, "I can be only by destroying, I can know myself only by what I shatter." The Foreword to this exhibition is a good example of the depths this latest and most profound *trahison des clercs* can reach. First, a sentence as silly as this: "Each one of his paintings derives its meaning from the one preceding it, which it either contradicts, completes or supplements." What on earth else could it do? Then a tribute to complete aimlessness: "The materials used have imposed their own demands on him, even going so far as to change his mood and intention while he is actually working." Later, the following comment: "Dubuffet creates grass (rather than a meadow) as a madman eats it. Also the cow has returned; one of his first 'subjects,' he treats it just as he treated his models in his portraits." The anti-humanism suggested by this, becomes a boast: his works "might be used for invoking the experiences of a new kind of witchcraft." Finally the conclusion: Science (in other words Reason) "can teach us nothing."

Raymond Guerrier, at the Redfern, follows Buffet, Bonnet, Minaux and others, as yet another young acclaimed French painter. He has, as the French always demand from their successes, an excellent sense of studio *cuisine*; all his compositions are most skilfully arranged—look for instance at the canal townscape (No. 13); his colour is both rich and tasteful—look at the blue, set like a sapphire in the black of his lobsters; he enjoys, and makes us enjoy, the texture of his paint as he uses it to make the segment of a lemon transparent, the fur of a dead boar bristly and clammy, the winter light in the suburbs of Paris fleecy. And yet why do his pictures not give more than they do? Why do his fish remind us of ceramics, his landscapes of still lives? It is, I think, because he is an academic artist. His masters may have been Bonnard, Soutine, Utrillo, Braque. But he will never risk the success of painting. Rightness is all. And so we look with pleasure but with no untidy excitement.

There are 400 academic pictures of a rather different sort (the safety limit they acknowledge is that of about forty years earlier) at the annual exhibition of the R.B.A. But scattered among them there are some creative works: Edward Wakeford's Italian water colours, witty and daringly slight as they always are, some Carel Weights, a happy uninhibited painting of Venice by George Hooper, and three large canvases of quarries by Frederick Brill. These last are as impressive as everything I have seen recently by this artist. Two of them are of the actual rock face, and the weight of the strata pressing down on each other is more vividly and fully conveyed than in any comparable work, including Courbet's. There is only one minor criticism to be made of the way Brill paints at the moment. His cast shadows become dead passages in his canvases: it is as though he is so anxious to observe what, with all its variety of tone, looms into the light that he treats each shadow as an absence of fact.

Joe Mcgill, at Gallery One, is an Irishman with

a poetic eye for colour who needs to draw more. Glyn Morgan at the Archer gallery is a passionate Welsh satirist, somewhat in the manner of Ben Shahn. The professional politician and the American General receive as little mercy as they deserve. But I think he should work more directly from life—nothing stereotypes as anger—and ask himself whether one of the graphic media would not fit his purpose better than oil paint. His drawing of a nude (which might be of Gully Jimson's Sarah) deserves to be bought immediately.

JOHN BERGER

The Stratford Opening

THE new Stratford season which opened last week gives every promise of being extremely interesting. In contrast to last year the Directors have gathered a powerful cast to support the leading players, Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Vivien Leigh: it is to include Angela Baddeley, Joyce Redman, Maxine Audley, Anthony Quayle, Alan Webb and Michael Denison. The two tragedies are to be the rarely staged *Titus Andronicus* as the last play and, as the third, *Macbeth*, in which there is good grounds for hoping that Sir Laurence will conquer a part which defeats so many good actors. The season has begun with a beautifully mounted *Twelfth Night*, elegantly and poetically produced by Sir John Gielgud. If, on the first night, there was some disappointment over this, the reason is to be found, I think, in expectations having been pitched a little out of key. Inevitably such a resounding first night creates a demand for the extra fizz of the great occasion. But *Twelfth Night* is not the right play to give that sort of satisfaction, and especially when, as here, the production is designed to stress and preserve a unified mood. In such a case there is no room for extravagances and fireworks, and individual performances must be toned down so that no excrescences are visible on the perfect polish of the surface.

I suppose the most obvious manifestation of this was in Mr. Alan Webb's Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby, with a heavy actor playing the part, is often a dominating rollic, first cousin to Falstaff, and painted in the primary colours of knock-about. Mr. Alan Webb lost none of the points in scaling him down, and the play as a whole gained in cohesion. He and Miss Angela Baddeley and Mr. Michael Denison make a trio merry rather than noisy, credible servants of the grave Madonna in their off-hours. Perhaps in aiming at this they erred a little on the side of quietness; in the kitchen scene especially where they were placed very far back on the stage they lapsed into inaudibility—but they will soon get the feeling of the house and the expertness of all their timing and fooling will tell. The scaling down here meant a consequent muting of Malvolio, too. Sir Laurence Olivier is a superb comedian capable of those touches that take the breath away in admiration; and these touches were on show on all the edges of the part, lighting up some quite unemphatic phrase like "Madam, I will" with all the chiaroscuro of character—pomposity, self-importance, servility. We may have seen Malvolios who seem to make more of the part, but could anyone else make so much of it so unobtrusively, as loyalty to the general conception demanded?

For in this production the romantic element is to be kept dead centre, and Mr. Malcolm Pride's decor, simple but sensuous, set the tone beautifully. (I personally rejoice to see Sir John breaking the fetish of the permanent set which has been responsible in its time for a full share of absurdities.) The rival houses are kept at just the right romantic pitch by Miss Maxine Audley's accomplished Olivia and Mr. Keith Michell's excellently spoken Orsino (though he alone in the cast was inclined, I thought to "press" as they say of golfers). Miss Vivien Leigh achieved so exactly the stance and "set" of the page boy that she can afford to relax it a little as she plays

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herself in—an assured and valuable performance. Finally Mr. Edward Atienza, the excellent clown, pleasantly voiced, bridges the comedy and romance without any of the arty affectations which have lately overtaken our Festes. Altogether this was a most distinguished production with which to open.

The Bad Seed at the Aldwych is an American spine-chiller, which I must confess to having found disappointing. The first part is a tedious succession of contrivances, and though the play improves in its second half, still only the most somnolent of audiences could fail to be two steps ahead of the author. It is over-doing "preparation" when every alternate minute every alternate character comments on the innocence and purity of the little child murderer, and Mummy's premonitions about her origins need less stressing. Perhaps slick American acting might carry over the weaknesses, but here they glare in spite of good performances from Diana Wynyard, Miriam Karlin, Margate Gilmore and little Miss Carol Wolverbridge.

T. C. WORSLEY

Maggie Teyte

IT is curious that the two most famous Mélisandes, those selected by Debussy himself, should both have been British. It is still more curious that both Mary Garden and Maggie Teyte, when encountered on the lecture platform, in the recital hall, in person or in print, should make a decidedly brisk and businesslike impression, wholly devoid of Maeterlinckian fey or whimsy. (This fact would perhaps have pleased Maeterlinck, himself a practical Belgian and fervent bicyclist: when Georgette Leblanc presented herself for a bicycling tour clad in trailing medieval draperies, he mildly remarked that "ce n'était pas peut-être très sportif.") Mary Garden, the original Mélisande, at one period of her life became manager of the Chicago Opera Company; Maggie Teyte, her successor, gives one the impression that she would have no difficulty in holding a Sunday afternoon audience at Hyde Park Corner. Such is the robust material of which the best Mélisandes are made.

Last Sunday afternoon Miss Teyte performed an even more remarkable feat in luring a sizable audience out of the brilliant spring sunshine to hear her celebrate the completion of her first 49 years before the public. Characteristically, she did not celebrate the occasion by half measures. She took, not the little linen-cupboard of a Recital Room, but the Festival Hall itself. Those who have known Miss Teyte only at the Wigmore Hall wondered perhaps how she would manage in these vast open spaces; but they need not have feared. The first notes of Hugo Wolf's *Kennst du das Land* showed that her vocal mechanism was in excellent shape. Shortly afterwards she suffered one of those momentary lapses of memory to which she is occasionally liable, but she took this in her stride, and for the rest of the afternoon treated us to a display of vocal and interpretative mastery that was not only astonishing but often touching.

Her singing did not sound like that of an old singer, but it was singing as the art was understood 50 years ago. It was technically solid. Except when the musical phrase called for a veiled or distant quality, Miss Teyte never sang *à demi-voix*; she did not hint at notes, flutter, swoon, or croon, as many of her juniors do; she firmly and distinctly sang. Her attack was exemplary. In the Wolf song, those phrases in the refrain which begin on the upper F and A flat were precisely struck. She can still float a soft high phrase, still charm us with her sudden descents into that haunting viola-like register around middle C. Moreover, she links her notes together so that they make a true legato phrase, and does not step from one to another in the decadent modern style, leaving a tiny hole between. There were moments, though surprisingly few, when a tightness or hardness in the tone betrayed her years; even then the strong individuality of her timbre was unaffected.

This technical mastery, now so rare as to provoke surprise, was not at all exceptional at the time of her début. What enabled her to hold her own beside the still more brilliant and accomplished Melba and Eames and Calvé was her special interpretative gift, her peculiar insight into the new poetic world of Debussy, Duparc, Fauré and Hahn, and her power of communicating that insight in terms of an uncommon and captivating personality. There was always something of the *gamine* about Maggie Teyte; there still is. She loves to tease and surprise; yet she remains always the dedicated artist. From her master, Jean de Reszke, she acquired that "amour de la parole" which brings life and colour to every line of her songs, whether German or French. On Sunday we had some opera too. With the assistance of a talented baritone pupil, David Bell, Miss Teyte gave us the last scene between Pelléas and Mélisande, arousing nostalgia in those who had seen her stage impersonation and envy in those who had not; a world of pathos was contained in her delivery of a single line, "Oh! oh! je n'ai pas de courage!" It required a considerable effort to believe that the singer who was delighting us on this fine April afternoon of 1955 was the same who had appeared in the Paris Mozart Festival of 1906, playing Cherubino and Zerlina beside Lilli Lehmann and Edouard de Reszke.

To Mr. Whitebait's account of the *Don Giovanni* film I need add only that, except for some funereal tempi, the musical performance was very distinguished, but the sound agonisingly loud and so excessively bright that it tired the ear as quickly as a glaring light wearies the eye. If the makers are wise, they will invite a panel of experienced technicians and musicians to consider whether the quality of reproduction cannot be drastically improved before the public showings of May and June.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MIND

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Mr. Askey, Mr. Mayhew and Sudermann

BY May 27 we shall know far more about the political influence of television than we do at present. It happened that the Prime Minister announced the dissolution of Parliament on Friday evening, three-quarters of an hour before the broadcast of *Any Questions* began in the Light Programme and an hour and three-quarters before *In the News* on TV. In both, the representatives of the two parties got down straightaway to put in some good work at the hustings; and one of the things we shall know on the 27th is whether slogging-matches such as we had that evening on TV are effective in vote-winning.

Meanwhile, until then, the Election will lie like a shadow across our radio and television; just as, at the moment of writing, the press strike still does. Some of its consequences seem to me happy at any rate for listeners. For how long now one has wanted some reviewing of books other than the purely scholarly in the Third, some notice of the current theatre, of current art exhibitions! We have them now. There was, for instance, an excellent twenty minutes in the Third last Sunday evening during which Mr. Hope-Wallace reviewed a new play and an opera, Mr. G. S. Fraser two new critical biographies, and Mr. David Piper dealt with recent art shows. One hopes that this little feature may continue, strike or no strike, for one cannot help thinking the B.B.C. has always misunderstood the nature of intelligent interest in the contemporary arts. A single review of a new book, a new play, a new exhibition does not make all others superfluous; on the other hand, interest demands and thrives upon diversity of opinion on the single work. Ironical that it should take a newspaper strike to make the B.B.C. begin dimly to realise this.

But strikes and elections apart, programmes continue as usual, and during the last week we have seen TV at its best in two programmes, one of a kind where we expect it to be at its best, the other where it is normally at its worst. Television variety is usually so bad as to be beneath criticism: how comment on the completely inane? But Mr. Arthur Askey has just finished his series *Before Your Very Eyes*, and this seems worth a note. Mr. Askey, on the air and as I have seen him on the music hall stage, has never been my favourite comic; but in *Before Your Very Eyes* he has been very good, and very funny, and both in what is almost the oldest way of the music hall. Last week's episode was a splendid piece of slapstick knockabout complete with the transvestism which seems almost basic to music hall and farce: Mr. Askey in his nightie with his "husband" sleeping in the haunted room—and oh, the misunderstandings, the innuendo, the bashings on rump and skull! The nearest one's ever likely to get on British TV to the world of Donald McGill, and very satisfying too.

The other excellence was, of course, the latest programme in Mr. Mayhew's series *Peaceful Co-Existence?* This was called *The Lesson of South-East Asia*, which Mr. Mayhew took as a test case in considering what the West calls "aggression" and "intervention." It was an enormously packed programme, much of it actually filmed behind the lines in Viet Minh while the fighting in Indo-China was still going on. As ever, Mr. Mayhew struck one as being as fair in his presentation of the issues and of the concrete situation as it was humanly possible to be; but what was especially impressive was what I can only call the quality of life the programme caught. It came out, for example, in the remarkable piece of film showing Hanoi after the French had pulled out, a city given over, entirely it seemed, to pedestrians and pedocycles. It came out, too, in Mr. Mayhew's interview with a Viet Minh volunteer who was hoping soon to join the Communist Party. These programmes of Mr. Mayhew's have their very obvious importance educationally and as sources of information.

Sudermann is not a dramatist whose works one has much chance of seeing on the English stage. Some years ago the Third gave us a memorable production of his *Midsummer Fires*, and last Sunday evening the play turned upon again on TV—strangely metamorphosed. The East Prussia of eighty years ago became in the TV version Mexico of today. It didn't seem to me that the transformation added anything to the drama. For the point surely is that the midsummer fires of the title represent survivals of primitive religion in an intensely Protestant Christian milieu. Sudermann's original scene of East Prussia in the mid-nineteenth century, in other words, gives the play a precise focus, which is dissipated as soon as it is transplanted to Mexico, a country where, for most of us, anything can happen. Mr. Cartier's misplaced ingenuity apart, his production made a very agreeable evening.

WILLIAM SALTER

The Movies

"Don Giovanni," at the Festival Hall
"Black Widow," at the Rialto

Plumb into the biggest vacuum in history drops a World Gala Première. Who saw *Don Giovanni*, what they wore, where they went afterwards will never be known; but during the afternoon of this evening forever lost, we of the press saw *Don Giovanni* and some of us are even in a position to write about it. The music critics were there, too. What remains to me is to celebrate the Austrian Lunch anteceding the Press View, and consisting of chicken and hock, cocktails and the river view—as mighty a kick-off, in the circumstances, as one could imagine—and to assess what followed in the light of a filmgoer's experience.

The film is a straight stage performance from last year's Salzburg Festival. Is it a film? Dr. Paul Czinner, who produced and directed it, seeks at once to trip critics by saying that this isn't a film to be judged as such, but a recording, a chance for the many to enjoy the pleasures of the few, a new technique in the screening of opera. With all except the last we might agree. There's nothing new. Dr. Czinner's cameras fix on Furtwängler as he steps up to give the authoritative tap; throughout the overture a synopsis of the plot slides down the screen, on and on: it must last till the curtain goes up. Then, not having remembered a word, we watch Mozart's masterpiece for three hours, with an interval between the acts.

We watch. Now if there is anything less adapted to the watcher (at any rate of screens) than opera, I should like to hear of it. Nothing convinces, gestures meant for the gallery are brought close, lovers are separated by their own hot air, dying men have the energy to sing with a last breath, asides are confidently in tune, the scene has a way of suddenly emptying and filling as though a lion had got loose: in short, to look at, opera is the wildest absurdity. Of course there's the music. But no film which does not look right with its sound-track removed can be called a film. That seems to take us back where we started.

In this case the music is Mozart's, and the grand opera isn't grandiose. Nevertheless, abject though I am in my devotion, I should much have preferred to witness a second-rate performance in a theatre to what was obviously an occasion not to be missed. A lively hero, women's voices coming out better than men's, the interest of the masonic setting, the austerity of Dr. Czinner's approach (one can believe that he didn't leave out a note or fluff a syllable); but alas, I found the whole thing, except at the divine moments, tedious. As screen operas go, the Italian have more kick, the Russian are more *bouffe*, and if you're going to popularise there's something to be said for the sheer vulgarity of Ealing's *Tales of Hoffmann*. The only genuine film operas I have met are Menotti's *The Medium* and (though not to my taste) Pabst's *Die Dreigroschen Oper*. I respect this *Don Giovanni*—British made—but I shall look elsewhere for Juan's jaunts, Anna's

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sorrows—and Mozart. The film will be shown at the Festival Hall, for a limited season, in May and June.

Black Widow is a fair whodunnit written, produced and directed by Nunally Johnson. Nice glimpses of New York, yellow taxis, party going, skyscraper views from flats, a mildly unpleasant and mildly witty atmosphere, Van Heflin and Ginger Rogers, and not one scene in a cabaret. If the solution hadn't been given away by the title, we'd have been more agreeably taxed. But good screen mysteries are almost as rare as good screen opera.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company, at the Winter Garden

The culture of folk weave has been appreciated and fostered in this country: the thonged sandal and embroidered tea shop apron are all a part of its development. So there should be an eager English audience for the Bulgarian Company, which gives a great deal of original material with the most natural vigour and charm. The boys and girls are neither luscious nor sophisticated; they have shiny scrubbed cheeks and the shrewd look of peasants who have been brought up to a hard life. The themes of their folk lore are naturally bucolic, with violins, bagpipes, drums and shepherds' pipes for accompaniment. In the songs, given by a large choir of women, there is a strong eastern influence; while the voices are thrown forward and as it were pressed through the front teeth and nose. There is a solo I enjoyed from a plump dark lady with round cheeks and black eyes. Her dress was blue, her apron orange and big pink flowers filled her hair. The style of the folk dancing is, by the way, more uniform than that of the songs. The girls swing round together in hoppy, shuffling rhythms, while the men leap and cavort with a more energetic skill. The costumes are richly embroidered and woven; sometimes when more restrained, beautiful, but at others so bundled with petticoats, scarves and flowers, and so befuddled with the variety of patterns and bright colour that they appear like the costume for a Hermione Gingold skit on the handweavers' heaven. A. F.

Correspondence

STRACHEY AND BLOOMSBURY

SIR,—"Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian"—but also, it seems, of the critic, to judge from Mr. John Raymond's remarks on Lytton Strachey. This "Reassessment" is as remarkable for its buoyant inaccuracies as for its silly and uninformed gibes at what the writer imagines to have been "Bloomsbury."

Of the factual mistakes, the suggestion that Bloomsbury "shunned and hated" Lawrence or Joyce is perhaps the most obvious. Of course their sympathies were different ones, but Forster's remarks in *Aspects of the Novel* far from bear out Mr. Raymond's statement, and even Virginia Woolf, who added mistrust to reservation, clearly recognised their talents. The only hating, alas, was done by Lawrence. But perhaps more important than this is the fact that Mr. Raymond's distortion of Bloomsbury prevents him from setting the achievements and limitations of the movement, and of its individuals (rather more than he mentions), in any valid perspective. His comment on Forster's preference for betraying country rather than friend discloses only his own vulgarity; it not only misses the basis of personal values behind the remark and the essay that contains it, but suggests a "trivial and uncompassionate" view of human relationships far more disturbing than that with which he reproaches Strachey.

In the case of Strachey himself, Mr. Raymond fails to explain what, first of all, as a historian he reacted *against*. Strachey's method was not one of "debunking"; on the contrary, it was the first attempt to apply 20th century psychological inquiry to historical portraiture, to show, as another writer has commented, "that the great, to be understood, must be taken out of their fancy dress." Historians who disagree with this method in principle obviously consider Strachey's subjects "travestied"—but the disagreement is hardly as general as Mr. Raymond suggests, and the reasons for it are important. "Human beings," Strachey wrote in his preface to *Eminent Victorians*, "are too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past." Far from "adapting Macaulay," he reacted against what he called his "fixity," as may be seen from reading his essay on him. Strachey in fact treated his subjects as individuals, and was primarily concerned with their psychological, not their political, motivations. In pulling up short at "factual faithfulness," Mr. Raymond misses the point again, I suppose through his singular view that the lines connecting motivations and facts must always be straight ones, whereas one of the major lessons of history, and one of the major preoccupations of Strachey, is how complex and crooked they often are.

Strachey's attitude is just as apparent in his literary essays—in *Shakespeare's Final Period*, for instance, which anticipated a now current view by some forty years, or in his analysis of Stendhal. (And if Mr. Raymond had consulted the essay on *Lives of the Poets*, he might have been less baffled by Strachey acknowledging a debt to Johnson. It clarifies exactly what the work meant to him.)

Finally, in searching for Strachey's "point of moral reference"—why is this a "priggish" problem, incidentally?—Mr. Raymond might also have paused to search for his own. The sensibilities of a critic who so crassly misunderstands the moral references of Forster or Virginia Woolf—his picture of the latter as someone wholly concerned with defining the sensations of posting a letter or cooking a dinner is so appallingly imperceptive that it might be charitable to assume he has never read, say, *A Writer's Diary*—seem to have got badly lost. Mr. Raymond might, perhaps, have done worse than consult a maxim of Mrs. Woolf—"Do not dictate to your author: try to become him." This might have led him to discover, and then evaluate, Strachey's rejection of certain conventions in historical biography, and his own innovations; and even to parallel this pattern of rejected conventions and innovation in other Bloomsbury writers—in Fry as art critic, Virginia Woolf as novelist, Keynes as economist. Then, perhaps, he could have avoided writing that absurd sentence about Bloomsbury's "blank indifference to nine-tenths of what constitutes the human condition."

GAVIN LAMBERT

57 Greencroft Gardens,
N.W.6.

SIR,—I should like to thank you for Mr. John Raymond's searchingly accurate reassessment of Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*. I remember how amusing and impossibly brilliant the book seemed at the end of the first war; and since then I must have re-read it—skipping as one does—some dozen times, wondering each time more and more whether these eminent people were really such out-and-out humbugs.

Some instances of Strachey's sparkling mendacity have been exposed—General Gordon's brandy-bottle; Clough's weak ankles and feeble-mindedness; Dr. Arnold's custom of wearing a headmaster's flowing gown to conceal his stumpy legs: "He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath; His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels." And various other examples of Strachey's "little nameless unremember'd acts" of shabbiness.

To these I can add yet another. Most of the seamier side of Purcell's *Life* of Manning is undeniably factual, but one of the cruellest touches Strachey put in is a downright falsehood—his insinuation that Manning forgot, and was only too glad to forget, his dead wife. In Baron von Hügel's *Correspondence* (I have not the book by me, and cannot give the page reference) the Baron says that he was told by an ecclesiastic who was present that the Cardinal, as he lay dying, took from his neck, where he had worn it for forty years, a locket belonging to his wife and handed it to a friend as his "most cherished possession."

HAROLD BINNS

21 East Avenue,
Bournemouth.

SPOKEN ENGLISH

SIR,—The Afro-Asian Conference is a typical example of the difficulties which beset the representatives of so many nations when they meet to discuss their problems. At Bandung some thirty Asian and African groups, speaking a similar number of very different languages, are laying the foundations of a permanent organisation for mutual consultation—and action. The only language common to them all is English, yet understood only by a small proportion of each group and modified according to local custom.

Unfortunately our written language is no guide to its pronunciation and because the opportunities for hearing English spoken in an acceptable way are so few, the language has usually taken its own course and in many districts is becoming difficult to recognise. As it seems certain that English will eventually become the world language, surely, if we have any real interest in the settlement of world problems, we ought to make it as simple and as proof against distortion as possible. At least we ought to accept a scientific system of spelling and pronunciation—to us a very simple matter. Our absurd spelling is certainly the greatest obstacle to the learning of English—even in English-speaking countries. Why are we indifferent?

REGINALD DEANS

17 Midland Road,
Leeds, 6.

DEATH BY SLOW MURDER

SIR,—Mr. S. Levenberg's letter in your issue of April 9 draws the conclusion that the rearmament of the Arab States can only result in increasing tension which may eventually lead to open conflagration. This, I believe, is taking too much for granted. Israel is far stronger than all the Arab States put together. At the present rate of building up the Arabs' military strength, Israel's military supremacy will continue for the next five years. Such was the view held by Mr. Crossman in the debate in the House of Commons on the Turco-Iraqi Pact. So long as the present disequilibrium continues, there is always the temptation for the stronger party to attack the weaker, and this can be greatly facilitated by the continuing state of uneasy armistice and the division of the Arab front. The present tension can only be eased when the military strength of the Arab countries is built to a level equal to that of Israel. Then, and only then, will Israel stop trying to dictate the terms of a victor in war.

The Arabs are very much aware of their military weakness and take it for certain that the Tripartite Declaration will be upheld if they make an attempt to attack Israel. They stand to benefit more from their economic blockade of Israel, and they know for sure that they cannot get armaments if they make it their avowed intention to use them against Israel. It is rather Israel which, by its aggressive policy, hopes to create a condition of tension and instability enough to make it possible to reimpose the ban on the export of armaments to the Arab countries. Israel is showing more and more impatience to conclude a settlement with the Arabs, thus opening Arab markets for its products and dispensing, once and for all, with the Arab refugees problem by settling them in the countries in which they took refuge.

Mr. Levenberg further argues that if the intention of rearming the Arabs is to make them ready for a major conflagration, then it is too ridiculous for words because even in a war with conventional weapons the weak and corrupt Arab States are of very little use. Yet in the case of some weak and corrupt countries, like Greece and Siam respectively, they seem to have built up effective and efficient forces. I don't quite see what Mr. Levenberg suggests in this respect. Does he, for instance, suggest that a power vacuum should continue to exist in the Arab countries for the simple reason that Israel wants to continue its military superiority over the Arab countries in an effort to keep the Arab refugees from their homes and to disregard the United Nations' resolutions?

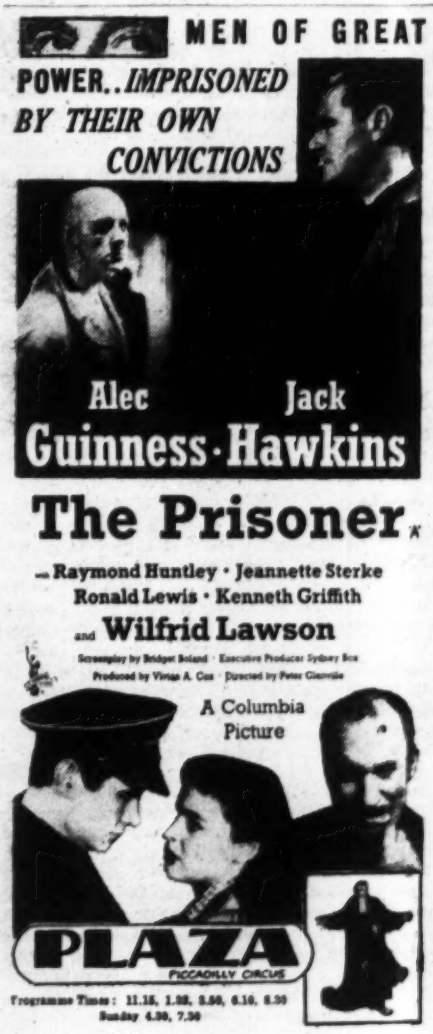
A. A. SAHLOOL

63 Romney Court,
London, W 12.

PRINCIPIA ETHICA

SIR,—Mrs. Freed accuses me of accepting what she regards as a misrepresentation of Mill by Professor Moore. I did not in fact attribute any assertion whatever specifically to Mill. But I did attribute to utilitarians the belief that only pleasure, or happiness, is good; for this belief might be taken to define utilitarianism. Mrs. Freed objects that no utilitarian makes this assertion; rather they say that only pleasure, or happiness, is good as an end. But Professor Moore carefully distinguishes good as a means from intrinsically good, and makes it clear that he is using the word in the second sense, when he is discussing the utilitarians. Therefore there is, on this point, no misrepresentation of them. Whether Mill was a consistent utilitarian is another matter. But, if Mrs. Freed is right in saying that he makes "good" synonymous with "desirable," he could certainly be refuted by Professor Moore's form of argument.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith asks me to enlarge on Keynes' criticism of himself and his friends in his posthumous essays. If circles and not books are in question, I cannot judge. According to Keynes, there was a lack in his own and his friends' thought, which was detected by Lawrence. In moral philosophy this lack seemed to me to show itself in the play of abstrac-



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CHATTO & WINDUS

tions, and in a neglect of the actual experience of men in different states of society. But I agree with Mr. Heckstall-Smith that there is still much more to be said. Certainly it is a pity to lump together these various and vastly gifted men, as members of a circle, and then to look for a formula which will finally dispose of them all. They stand up so splendidly, as individuals, in their own works, as does Lawrence also. And he, I think, had his lack too. Writers are commonly forgiven for their concentration of interest, if the concentration is great. They may even be forgiven for having had friends who shared their particular interests.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—The mental deficiency hospitals have long been a favourite windmill of the National Council for Civic Liberties, and the wild tilting of its General Secretary runs true to form. I wrote that I knew of no evidence of defectives being systematically detained in hospitals solely in order to provide cheap labour. Miss Allen still provides none. She calls in aid a 1929 Report which will hardly impress anyone who knows the progress that has been made in the last ten or twenty years. She then cites three unidentifiable examples of alleged detention of patients who were able, either before entering or after leaving hospital, to earn wages of between £5 and £9 per week outside. If by any stretch this can be termed evidence of anything, it suggests no more than that there are defectives in hospital who could safely be discharged. This much I specifically admitted in my letter. What I sought to challenge, and still challenge, is the attribution of motive, so carelessly and continually repeated by the Council. I shall be interested to see what value the Royal Commission places upon the Council's evidence before it, which doubtless includes full details of the "hundreds of cases" mentioned in Miss Allen's letter.

There are, as I said, many improvements to be made in this field. Of course training facilities need to be extended. The legal safeguards could with advantage be strengthened. But only ignorance of the mental health services in other countries and a deep prejudice against our own could represent it as "a disgrace" which needs a "complete clean-up." To make these wild and unsubstantiated charges against mental deficiency hospitals in general seems to me a disservice to the cause of civil liberty.

House of Commons. KENNETH ROBINSON

SIR,—Flavus draws attention to the "grim danger" that people may be unjustly detained in mental hospitals simply for the value of their services. This calls, indeed, for a thorough investigation; but there are other "dangers." A pleasant, bright lad from this village has been detained in a mental hospital since last March. His offence was petty stealing (a pair of socks), and an older boy, who was charged simultaneously with the same offence, was bound over. Previous petty offences were held against the boy in question. The Andover magistrates sent him to a mental hospital on the single evidence of the District Medical Officer of Health who had known him at school which, being sixteen, he had left.

My wife visited this boy at Chertsey and found him surrounded by drivelling idiots, and very frightened. She is not at all a hysterical person, but she returned in tears; and a former Chief Superintendent of Police who also visited the boy there was equally horrified. Although the boy had been told that he might be released on licence "about Easter," the Visiting Magistrates authorised another year's detention. Apparently the superintendent of the hospital is thus given a sort of blank cheque and the final date of release is left to him. The parents are left in agonising doubt.

A hundred inhabitants of this village, of all classes, have signed a petition saying that in their opinion a mistake must have been made, and they are entitled to answers to the following questions, which also raise doubts about the whole system of classification of "mental deficients" and of their detention for minor offences:

(1) Why should an intelligent, sane boy be shut up with imbeciles? The officials explain, with a tired air, that a "high-grade mentally deficient" person is *not* an imbecile. Why, then, should he be confined in the same institution as visible imbeciles? Why, indeed, should he be branded with the term "mentally deficient" when all this means is that he was backward at school and failed at intelligence tests?

(2) Why are parents not kept informed about their children's fate, progress or even probable length of detention? Information has had to be dragged out by lawyers' letters, and the parents' anxiety has been terrible. The boy has even been confirmed without the parents being informed.

(3) The superintendent made it clear to my wife that he regarded separation from his own family as desirable for this boy. This idea can only have been based on a meeting with the boy's mother who was not likely to be at her most affable. No visitor from the institution called at the boy's home until eleven months after the boy's detention. Yet we, who know the boy and the home, know it as a good home.

Flavus will be interested to learn that the boy is a good farm-hand and that he is employed as such on the model farm belonging to the institution at Chertsey; while his employer, a local farmer, has asked in vain for his return. With due respect, I submit that the system portrayed by the facts I have given calls for a reform more speedy than it is likely to get as a result of the deliberations of a Royal Commission. E. O. SIEPMANN

Knoll House,
Broughton, Hants.

CHRIST AND THE CAESARS

SIR,—Robert Graves, in his review, displays either carelessness or deliberate sophistry, when he writes: "Jesus's enemies are described as 'Pharisees and Herodians' in Matthew and Mark and as 'Sadducees and Scribes' in Luke." In fact, Sadducees are mentioned once only in Luke's Gospel, immediately *after* the question about tribute to Caesar, where he writes: "But certain of the Sadducees, who deny that there is any Resurrection coming, asked him" their silly question about wives in the Resurrection. Thus the three Evangelists agree as to the Sadducean question, nor is there any conflict in regard to the question about tribute.

When a writer has misrepresented the facts so tendentiously it is no surprise to find that he proceeds to rewrite the words of Jesus recorded in the Gospels in a way that suits his own preconceived ideas. He is entitled to his "belief," but reasonable people naturally prefer history as written by Luke, who consulted eye-witnesses and took trouble to "trace the course of all things accurately"; a claim which has been abundantly vindicated by the researches of sober and patient scholars. Robert Graves is brilliant but hardly sober: he might do well to meditate on Ezekiel 37. 11-13.

W. A. WORDSWORTH

ITALIAN SOCIALISTS

SIR,—In your issue of April 2, Signor Treves says that the request for a special congress of the Italian Social Democrat Party is a product of my fertile imagination. In fact, *La Giustizia*, official organ of the party, published on April 7 the "order of the day" of the Left-Wing of the P.S.D.I., asking for the congress in question. As regards discontent with Saragat within the P.S.D.I., the fact that 17 members of the Executive of the P.S.D.I. voted in favour of Saragat's policy is not conclusive. The object of the special congress would be precisely to alter this state of affairs.

YOUR ROME CORRESPONDENT

GEORGE ORWELL

SIR,—At the request of his executors I am writing a biography of George Orwell.

I should therefore be most grateful if any of your readers who were associated with Orwell and have personal reminiscences, or letters, would communicate with me. Any documents borrowed would, of course, be treated with the utmost care, and returned as soon as possible. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

A10 Albany,
London, W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Lawrence's Sons and Lovers

It is difficult now to recall the first impact made by Lawrence's writing. There was a freshness about it, a kind of inward glow, which set him apart from his contemporaries. His reactions to life were so direct and so spontaneous that he gave one more the feel of a poet than of a novelist; his descriptive writing especially seemed uniquely alive. Coming across him after Lytton Strachey, Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Forster, *et alia*, was like walking over a springtime meadow with a pretty girl after lunching with Lady Ottoline Morrell. He was exhilarating. Alas, the exhilaration has not lasted—though this, of course, may be more one's own fault than Lawrence's. Only the strength and verve of the writing remain to recall the original enchantment.

Most discerning readers would agree that Lawrence's second novel, *Sons and Lovers*, is his best book, and that its earlier chapters are decidedly to be preferred to the later. This impression, as far as I am concerned, was confirmed on re-reading the novel after an interval of some twenty-five years. It seemed abundantly clear that Lawrence's great talent started deteriorating almost as soon as he began to write, and that it was bound to go on deteriorating to the end of his days. From the splendidly vivid description of life in a miner's household with which *Sons and Lovers* opens, to the incoherence and pretentious inanities of *Apocalypse* (so reminiscent of *Mein Kampf*) is a melancholy passage.

Lawrence, of course, was always writing about himself in different guises. At some point in the story a slim, forceful, withdrawn man whom the girls find eerie but irresistible is bound to make his appearance. Even the central character in *The Man Who Died* soon takes on the lineaments of a Nottingham boy who made good and grew a red beard. *Sons and Lovers* is his own exclusive story upon which for the rest of his life he was to devote himself to producing variations.

In middle-age I find no difficulty in deciding precisely at what point *Sons and Lovers* becomes irretrievably foolish. It is when Lawrence gets on to the sex life of his hero, Paul Morel. The efforts of Paul to seduce, first Miriam, and then Clara, are, as recounted by Lawrence, so laboured and unconvincing that they just cannot be taken seriously. As Johnson said of the plot of *Cymbeline*, they defy criticism because it is impossible to criticise unresisting imbecility. Lawrence would appear to have suffered under some physical disability which gave him a ludicrously excessive sense of the importance of a sexual fulfilment he was constitutionally incapable of ever experiencing. If, as I have often thought, sex is to the individual what politics are to the collectivity, then Lawrence's efforts in this direction are the equivalent of Ramsay MacDonald's oratory—long, meandering and largely meaningless.

This obsession with sex as the one source of enduring happiness, as a mainspring of action and an end in itself (for, throughout Lawrence's work, fornication is frequent but pregnancy rare) governed all his subsequent writing. The end was Mellors, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, sticking flowers in the hair on his chest and a single hyacinth bell in his navel—a scene which, in its combination of solemnity and absurdity is surely, as farce, unequalled.

The fact is that Lawrence's idea of salvation through fornication no longer has any appeal or seems even plausible. Even in smoking-rooms, where the proposition might be expected to make a strong *prima facie* appeal, the most likely reaction to Paul Morel's early sexual strivings would nowadays be "All right, all right, old boy, have Miriam or Clara" (first of a long, long line of their like), "or don't have her, but for God's sake shut up about it." That was the one thing Lawrence was temperamentally incapable of doing, and it is entirely fitting that the actual consequence of it all should have been youths hungry for eroticism surreptitiously thumbing over copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Sons and Lovers, in certain respects, is enormously like a Dostoevsky novel. It runs along in the same sort of vivid, confused, powerful way—like someone talking under the influence of a narcotic. Like Dostoevsky, too, it has a prophetic quality, which means, in practice, it popularises and projects contemporary charlatanry. Out of all its verbiage the sombrely significant countenances of popularisers, expounders and projectors of Freud and of Marx (a mighty if unedifying tribe) lift themselves up and bay the moon.

Lawrence's obsession with class, one sees now, was at least as great as his obsession with sex. Everything he dislikes is labelled "common"; as the Morel boys improve their circumstances they begin to call their mother "mater" (does anyone really do this outside the pages of the *Gem* or the *Magnet*?), and Paul, when he takes Clara to the Nottingham theatre, gets himself up in evening dress. At the same time, to offset this social climbing, the idea is developed that really the poor and simple are much "nicer" than the comfortably off and sophisticated. The following conversation between Paul and his mother indicates the internal conflict which was taking place in Lawrence in this connection:

> ". . . The difference between people isn't in their class, but in themselves. Only from the middle classes one gets ideas, and from the common people—life itself, warmth. You feel their hates and loves."
>
> "It's all very well, my boy. But, then, why don't you go and talk to your father's pals?"
>
> "But they're rather different."
>
> "Not at all. They're the common people. After all, whom do you mix with now—among the common people? Those that exchange ideas, like the middle classes. The rest don't interest you."
>
> "But—there's the life—"
>
> "I don't believe there's a jot more life from Miriam than you could get from any educated girl—say Miss Moreton. It is *you* who are snobbish about class."

She frankly *wanted* him to climb into the middle class, a thing not very difficult, she knew. And she wanted him in the end to marry a lady.

Lawrence, of course, did marry a "lady" (he used to use coroneted notepaper, and in particular cases would point an arrow to the coronet, accompanying this with a note to the effect that his wife was the daughter of a German baron), and may be said to have fulfilled his mother's hopes that he would climb into the middle class. He remained socially restless, however, and continued to develop the point Paul made to Mrs. Morel about the common people emanating "life itself, warmth." Here again the *reductio ad absurdum* of *Sons and Lovers* is to be found in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mellors, the gamekeeper, it is carefully explained, had been an officer in the war and, when he wanted to, could speak like a B.B.C. announcer even though, in his amorous transactions with Lady Chatterley, he used stage dialect.

Marxist critics doubtless contend that in *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence showed his awareness of the class struggle, and then turned his back on it. And, from their own point of view, they are perfectly right. He sensed the issue, but shirked it; he tried to establish a neutralist position which enabled him, on the one hand, to live, as it were, in the *maquis* of the upper classes, and, on the other, to continue to assert that all virtue and true vitality resided among the common people. In Taos, thanks to the hospitality of Mrs. Luhan and to her share in the profits of the Dodge enterprise in Detroit, he was able to extol dark unconsciousness as exemplified by local Indians. The class war cannot be evaded in such a manner. It is, for those who wage it, as real as any other war—indeed, more real, and its victories are not won on the playing fields of Winchester or even of Haileybury.

Part of the enduring interest of *Sons and Lovers*, that is to say, lies in the way, all unconsciously, it presents the pattern of the age. Paul Morel, like Lawrence himself, is a hero of our time. From his drab miner's home he looks nostalgically towards, as it seems to him, a brighter, more variegated world, where mothers are maters, and French is fluently read as well as spoken, and elegant, lovely women may be enjoyed without remorse, expense or the dread of disease. And how is this brighter, more variegated world to be entered?—only by strenuous effort; by eschewing what is "common" and pursuing what is "cultured"; ultimately, by breaking away from his own social origins. Like Paul, Lawrence set himself with a will to his French irregular verbs, and was in due course rewarded by acquiring a German baroness whom he could take over the hills and far away.

Matters, however, could not just be left there. Otherwise it would only be a Victorian moralistic success story of the type Dickens so delighted to write. In moving away from his proletarian origins, Paul (or Lawrence—it's the same thing), had to persuade himself that, in fact, he was moving nearer to them. Like a rough diamond who has made a lot of money in the Midlands but still ostentatiously calls his wife "mother"; like a Labour M.P. who anxiously explains that he has sent his son to

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Eton only because in society's present transitional state it is better education; like a Conservative Cabinet Minister boastful of a grandfather who was an agricultural labourer, or his younger prototype seeking to be called "Ted" or "Jack"—so Lawrence's hero, Paul Morel, tries to compensate for social aspirations by a ceremonial social abasement. "You're done for!" Lawrence snapped angrily to a lunch table full of Keynesian literati assembled in Cambridge to make his acquaintance. Of course he was right. Done for they were, but so was he.

Sons and Lovers ends with Paul meditating departure. For Lawrence and for all his characters this is the only solution—to go somewhere else in the vague expectation that things will be different there. They are all ceaselessly on the move, only staying long enough in one place, first to praise it ecstatically, and then to hate it unutterably. (The only exception, oddly enough, is Australia which, to judge from *Kangaroo*, Lawrence rather liked, perhaps because it was so empty and so little challenged his insistent ego.) Lawrence was always toying with projects for getting a few friends together and "making a life" somewhere or other. He was like the Nazis with their *alles muss anders sein*. The sense of a civilisation dropping to pieces dwelt with him, as it has with all of us, but he had nothing really to suggest except flight and imagined ecstasies of the flesh.

It is this that makes the latter part of *Sons and Lovers* such unsatisfactory reading today. The sentences are still alive; their phosphorescent glow has survived. Without a doubt Lawrence was, and will ever be considered, a great writer, but in the end he is infuriating. Such hysteria! Such sheer idiocy! It is like a wonderful dancer with no ballet to perform, a wonderful musician with no melodies in his head. Once he departs from the Morel household he is lost. From the real figure of Paul Morel's miner father he moves into the phantasy of Clara, who is herself solid and earthy compared with her prototypes to come, like Ursula or Gudrun in *Women in Love*.

We know in nauseating detail all about Lawrence's quarrels, his fluctuating loves and hates, and all his fatuous projects. This, however, should not blind us to the fact that bedded in it all was the most significant novelist of the first decades of this century. I cannot suggest a better means of recalling this fact than a re-reading of at any rate the first half of *Sons and Lovers*. What is still great about the book is that the impulse to produce it came from life itself. It is the least literary of novels; and its very naiveties add to this effect. Nothing could be more delightful than Paul Morel's early visits to Miriam's farm. They recall that wonderful expedition when Rousseau and two girls, riding the same horse, went looking for cherries. Nothing, again, could be more moving and tender than the scene in which Paul breaks the news of his brother's death to his father when he comes up from the pit. Such scenes are in a different category from anything written by any other contemporary novelist. It is only a pity that, like so much in our time, it should have ended in ranting, whining and sheer idiocy.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This Music With Its Formal Graces

This music with its formal graces,
Once the evocation of a ball,
Threw candle-light on women's upturned faces;
And though you never could recall
Being there yourself at all,
Yet you were fortified, taking this music
As witness to a former honoured state.
Careless faces in the dance
And passionate eyes belonged to those
For whom the stranger, Thought,
Stood cold and neglected at the gate.

Now, unassured of any dance
As much as your participation,
You hear again this music in a trance
Composed of fear and expectation.
Now in those formal graces you discover
Notes you did not hear before,
And think you see, behind the fiddlers' ranks,
Death, your tall lover.

JAMES REEVES

A New Machiavelli

The Nature of Power. By L. J. HALLE. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Japan's Decision to Surrender. By R. J. C. BUTOW. *Oxford: Stanford Univ. Press.* 32*s.*

How irritating it is when an American remarks, "Compared to you, we are politically immature; but we are learning fast." Actually, politics in the United States are as adult and sophisticated an occupation as those of France or any other democracy with a written constitution and a division of powers. That the British brand is quite different, does not make Frenchmen decadent or Americans childish.

Yet it is a fact that, although the politicians on Capitol Hill are full of wordly wisdom, this quality is rarely to be found in the conduct of American foreign policy. Woodrow Wilson in the White House was no homespun College President. Yet he was outwitted at Versailles, and even Roosevelt behaved like a vain simpleton at Yalta. That, no doubt, is why Americans still assert that they are young and inexperienced in the game of power politics, which Englishmen and Russians have played for generations.

Thank heavens! This infantility complex is at last being overcome. What was wrong with American foreign policy since 1940 was not its political innocence but its crusted conservatism. Long after they had abandoned the substance of neutrality, the politicians continued to feed American public opinion on the moralistic-legalistic forms associated with it, and fostered the illusion that power politics are an evil which must be eradicated either by a war to end all wars or by some Utopian international organisation. It is difficult enough for a democracy to jettison a policy when it is out of date; but to get rid of the folklore by which it has been rendered acceptable is even more difficult.

For years Mr. Lippmann has laboured at the task of re-education, and recently he has been joined by Mr. George Kennan and Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Now, in *The Nature of Power*, we have another important contribution. Mr. Halle spent a year at the National War College and, on returning to the State Department in 1952, became a member of the Policy Planning Staff first established by Mr. Marshall and continued by Mr. Acheson. There, working under Mr. Kennan, he became aware that American foreign policy lacks "an applicable body of theory."

> One day I found all this business crowding my head so badly that, without forethought, I sat down to write the chapters of inquiry which follow . . . My own mental limitations do not allow me to carry a process of hard thought to any lengths except on paper. Until my thinking has

been done on paper it is still largely hunch and wonder. The result is that, while I am surprised at none of the conclusions to which I came, some of the most fundamental had not been in my mind at all when I began.

That a regular diplomat should permit himself original thoughts is rare enough; that he has been encouraged by his masters to publish the fruits of his labour is a portent. *The Nature of Power* has none of the monumental elegance of Mr. Kennan's writings; instead, it chases the argument wherever it may lead, as spontaneously as any Platonic dialogue. Anyone who follows Mr. Halle in his spirited pursuit of first principles will learn a great deal.

The Nature of Power starts from the assumption that, since politics are about power, the external policy of a democracy, like its internal policy, must be concerned not to abolish power politics but to tame them. It follows, therefore, that the aim of the United States should be not to "achieve security" by some drastic "solution" but to accept insecurity and seek to reduce it by restoring a stable balance of world power. Mr. Halle then proceeds to a most original analysis of what power really is. Liberals usually contrast power-politics with policies based on respect for law. Mr. Halle argues that consent and legitimacy are at least as essential elements of power as military strength. To use armed force illegitimately, and thereby create resistance, is to use it uneconomically. Indeed, a nation which behaves within the limits set by legitimacy and obtains the consent of its allies exerts more effective power than a nation which commits aggression (*i.e.*, violates legitimacy) or makes its allies feel that they are satellites. National self-interest, therefore, requires that the United States should exert its leadership (a) for limited objectives, (b) within a freely consenting coalition, and (c) by methods which obviate as far as possible the use of force. Mr. Halle believes that the present two-bloc system is full of danger: the United States would be less insecure if it were replaced by a "multilateral balance of power," in which China had her own sphere of influence. He concludes this dialogue with himself by a brilliant myth, in which he imagines how the Eastern European vacuum of power would be filled after the Soviet Government had been destroyed in a preventive war.

Although the argument of *The Nature of Power* involves a complete break with orthodox liberal (and Labour) notions of collective security, it is common sense, as compelling as that of *The Prince* when it first appeared. I fancy Mr. Halle will not be offended at the comparison. Like Machiavelli, he believes that enlightened self-interest is a better guiding principle than such moralistic slogans as "the containment of Communism."

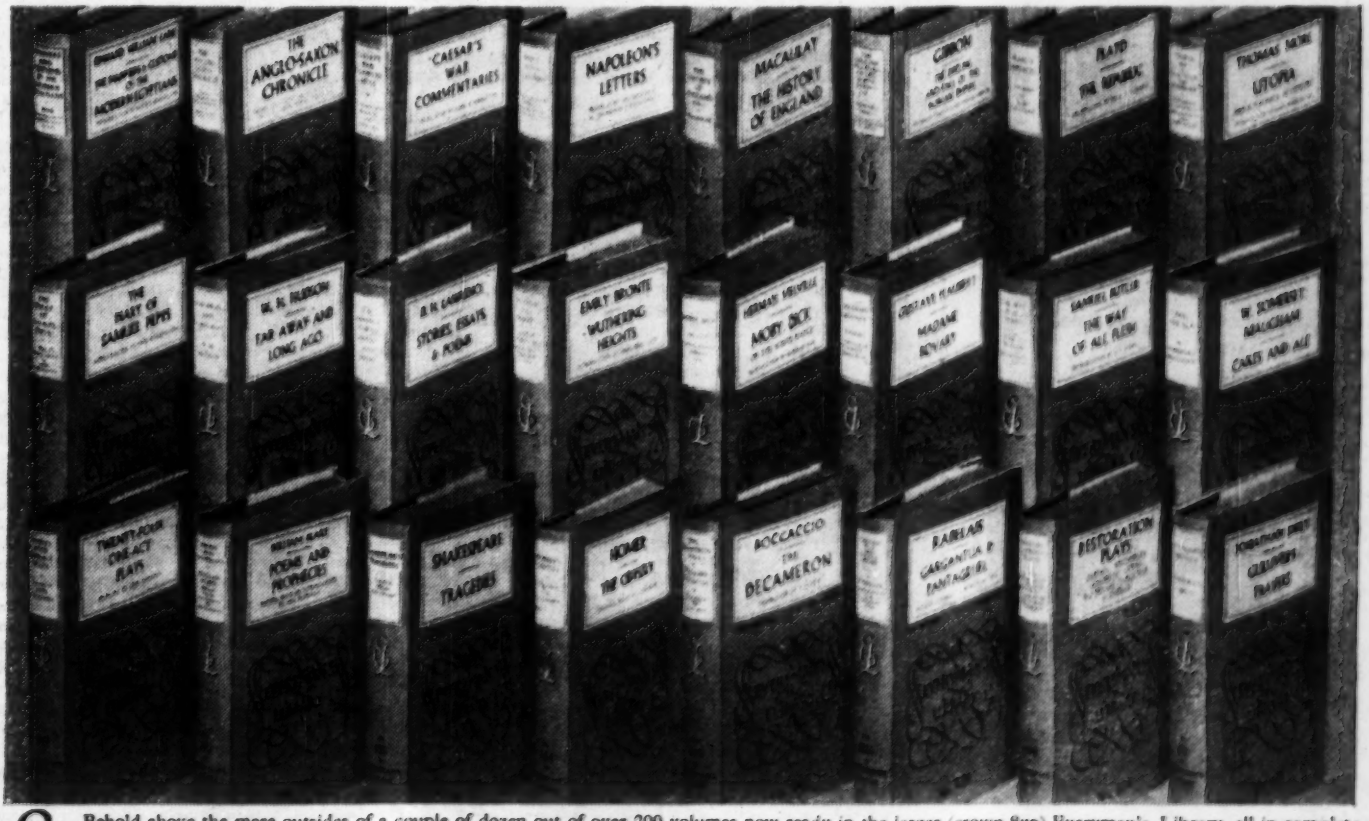
Having praised this book so highly, I must make one qualification. On the basis of his amoral theory of power and his purely relativist definition of legitimacy (legitimacy is whatever is accepted as legitimate), Mr. Halle ought logically to reach the conclusion that the Communist world has its own legitimacy and that the United States should accept this as a fact in its search for multilateral balance. But no! At this point Mr. Halle's intellectual courage fails him and he relapses into the current American orthodoxy. Communism is not a rival legitimacy, he tells us, but merely a nihilistic aberration from Western civilisation. We are back in the Toynbeean marsh, which so many educated Americans mistake for Christian *terra firma*.

How expensive this denial of a rival legitimacy can be is revealed by Mr. Butow. Though execrably written in a mixture of journalese and "academese," *Japan's Decision to Surrender* is an absorbing book. The author has not only read the Japanese sources, but interviewed all those politicians and Service chiefs in Tokyo who survived the collapse, and he gives what must be the definitive answer to the question whether it was necessary to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

Mr. Butow concentrates on what happened in Tokyo: the Washington end of the story is not his affair. Nevertheless he shows that the White House behaved as inexplicably in the hour of victory as it did just before Pearl Harbour. By the beginning of 1945 the peace party around the Japanese Emperor was desperately trying to make contact with the West and surrender. Yet at Yalta Roosevelt was persuaded to offer huge bribes to Stalin in order to bring him into the Japanese war, although in fact the Russians' chief concern was lest they should be excluded from it. Even more puzzling is Mr. Truman's behaviour at Potsdam. Thanks to the breaking of the Japanese Foreign Office cipher, he had seen the text of the frantic cables Foreign Minister Togo was sending to his Ambassador in Moscow. His instructions were to seek Russian mediation for ending the war on any terms short of an unconditional surrender involving the position of the Emperor. Stalin, of course, called these overtures insincere. But why did Truman refuse to strengthen the hands of the peace party in Tokyo by giving the assurance they asked, and so enable them to face the Militarists with a *fait accompli*? Because he refused to do so, the war went on; Russia duly invaded Manchuria and the A-bomb duly destroyed Hiroshima. Finally, when MacArthur arrived in Japan, he at once recognised the legitimacy of the Emperor in a form which would have been accepted by Togo months earlier if it had been offered him in secret negotiation!

Mr. Butow's conclusion is that Stalin was the only gainer from the American refusal to negotiate. Strange that rational human beings could have felt it their moral duty to use the A-bomb rather than discuss the terms of surrender with an utterly prostrate enemy! But negotiation would have required an understanding in Washington of Mr. Halle's thesis that consent and legitimacy are as essential elements in the nature of power as nuclear weapons.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN



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An Amiable Monster

Alexandre Dumas. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by JACK PALMER WHITE. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

Turning from his long and serious elucidations of the lives of Proust, Georges Sand and Victor Hugo, the industrious M. Maurois has taken a holiday with an easy and anecdotal subject: Dumas *père*. It is a short, light-hearted book, skilfully done; it suffers only from vulgarities in the English translation—we hear of something straining "the beautiful friendship" of Victor Hugo and Dumas, of a lady who did not want Victor Hugo as "her swain," and of someone who was "ordered assassinated"—and M. Maurois, as we know, rarely resists those potted French aphorisms about *l'amour* and *la femme*, which the life of Dumas provides every occasion for. If we overlook these irritations, M. Maurois has done a tolerant and sympathetic profile without shadows. We can easily suspend unbelief. The splendid quadroon was a natural phenomenon, one of the most amiable and witty monsters in the history of literature, whose simplicity melted the enemies that his orgiastic success made for him. Dumas was as fertile and expressive as the tropics. As Sainte-Beuve said, with malicious intention, his talent was "almost physical," his writings were the overflow of a personality rather than the arduous creations of art, or even commercial entertainment. He lived with an ever-changing harem of women and worked with another harem of ghosts, collaborators and assistants, and all served his great physical and inventive vitality. The mean accused him of industrialising literature and called him Dumas et Cie, saying he wrote next to nothing of his famous works himself. That has been thoroughly disproved. The touch of Dumas transformed everything that was given him. He revelled in his fame, spent the millions he made and, under all his bombast and the dynastic manner, he had humility: he knew that he was cleverer at catching the great public than Hugo was, but that he could not begin to write so well. If his books do not hold us as they once held Thackeray and Stevenson and the great public, this is probably because rapid mechanical entertainment has replaced them. In our world it takes the whole of Hollywood to do what a Dumas and even a Dickens could easily do on their own a hundred years ago.

Just as Dumas fulfils the wish for adventure culminating in Fortune in his novels, he also presents us with Fortune itself in his life. His luck is as phenomenal as his energy. His generosity silences resentment; his goodness of heart makes moralists look sour. He lies like Cellini; he dresses up like the Emperor Jones, combing the courts of Europe and Africa for stars, orders and decorations, and parades in them on the boulevards with all the innocence of San Domingo. He quixotically insists on his son recognising the reigning mistress who made the mistake of becoming his wife, for she was unfaithful the moment she was made honest; but points out to the boy he must do so, not from the self-interest of an heir but from goodness of nature. Later, the father hands on his mistresses to the son: "More than a week of me would kill any woman." He travels everywhere like royalty, turns up to help Garibaldi with a yacht full of champagne, gives spectacular parties, builds a ruinous mansion in every known architectural style.

Yet all this is done without luxuriating in megalomania. Dumas *fils* naturally disapproved, but the prodigal father had ascended to poetic heights, beyond good and evil; or rather, as M. Maurois says, the prodigality did not destroy the simple virtues. Dumas' moral category was that of the hero of myth: say what one liked about the harem and the champagne, Dumas was (as M. Maurois says) inspired by a sovereign need to be "a righter of wrongs, a champion of the underdog and the terror of dastards." It is the instinctive morality of simple and kind people. M. Maurois does not mention it, but Dumas stood out against capital punishment and all cruelty. He certainly did not love money for its own sake. He hated injustice. There is something very moving in that incident in his old age, when he went off to the assistance of his old mistress, the actress Marie Dorval, who was dying in poverty. He was penniless, too, and to raise money for her he sold the possessions that had pleased his vanity: his hoard of decorations.

In his innocence, he was revolted by jealousy. He exploited it, of course, as a valuable source of crime in his plays and, at least once in his lifetime, wrote letters of the highest extravagance in the tradition of the false passion. In such matters the Romantics have been accused of a literary expressiveness in excess of the modest feelings usually involved. In life, there is more of the genuine Dumas in the comic events of the night when he caught the woman who had been nine years his mistress and only a few weeks his wife, with her lover. It was a cold night. Dumas got into bed with his wife and told the lover to sit it out by the dying fire. The poor man began to cough. Dumas invited him into the bed. And in the morning he joined hands with the lover over the bosom of the large lady saying: "It is stupid to quarrel over a woman. Let us have a reconciliation like the ancient Romans—on the public square." Since this is Dumas' own story it is not likely to be true; but it shows his gift for turning his life into a story lived and believed by himself. As with jealousy, so with debt; asked to give 20 francs for the burial of a bailiff, he handed over 40 francs, saying "Bury two."

The central comedy of Dumas' life is his relationship with his saddened, rather priggish but affectionately thunderstruck son. The ripostes of their life-long difficulty are well known: M. Maurois has no space to do more than sketch in this theme, which is a pity. He is necessarily brief, but also succinct, on the critical ambience of Dumas' work. The public that received the Romantics had lived through violent times and were very ready for strong, even crude dramatic feeling in the theatre and the novel. They saw themselves as history. The historical novel obliged them by presenting themselves in earlier periods, free of the contamination, disillusion and controversy of recent experience. To this taste Dumas brought his power of depicting the virtues the ordinary man admires. Above all, he had an unmatched sense of dramatic situation and the power to put it into terse, tense dialogue, often absurd when the emotion died down, but gripping at the time. What is more remarkable is that when melodrama went out, he was as clever at comedy; that when the theatre dropped him he succeeded in the historical novel; and when there was no more to say he overflowed into memoirs and books of travel. And to crown the story of success, when at last his public got tired, he settled down to reading his own works in the last two years of his life with the astonished pleasure of one who had never read them before.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Trial of Strength
JONATHAN CAPE

The Affair

The Dreyfus Case: A Reassessment. By GUY CHAPMAN. *Hart-Davis.* 25s.

Everything loses its savour with the passage of time. Wine, love, heroism, great causes, all become flat and unprofitable. Only legal cases with disputed verdicts retain their fascination undimmed. One such case tops all the others. Put Hiss and the Casket Letters, Socrates and the Popish plot into one scale; Dreyfus into the other; and Dreyfus will win. Our hearts beat faster as we see again those familiar, dramatic words—the *bordereau*, the *petit bleu*, the *faux Henry*. There has never been a case on such a scale. Secret meetings in false beards; letters in sympathetic ink that were never deciphered; messages discovered in waste-paper baskets that had never been put there; and, on a higher level, the solemn parade of statesmen and generals, each swearing to evidence which did not exist and never had existed. It is no wonder that Anatole France had to tone the story down when he presented it as fiction in *Penguin Island*. No artist, however wild, would have dared to invent the Dreyfus case.

Professor Chapman does much to earn our gratitude. His book gives the clearest English narrative of the great case on its legal side. Indeed there is nothing so good even in French. He unravels as well as narrates. Most of the mysteries, though not all, dissolve under his gaze. It is fair to add that he makes things simple by having a theory and sticking to it. It is probably the correct theory, but a theory all the same. Colonel Henry is presented as the sole villain, or rather the sole forger. All the other characters (on both sides) were muddled, careless, impatient or shortsighted. Only Henry rigged and manufactured evidence. Why? Mr. Chapman gives an unsatisfactory answer—the only weak link in his narration. In his view, Henry was a brave officer "with the simple cunning of the peasant," who, having spent his life faking documents to sell to the Germans and others, now faked documents to sustain the counter-espionage department. Again why? Why should Henry alone display such excessive loyalty to the so-called "Statistical Section"? Is it not more likely that he was seeking to cover up his dead chief Sandherr and that Sandherr knew more of the *bordereau* than was ever revealed? Did Sandherr himself manufacture the *bordereau* with Esterhazy's assistance? If so, why once more? Or was Sandherr merely insane, like most heads of counter-espionage departments? At any rate, the simple explanation that Henry did it all is a little shaken as soon as one asks—why did he do it all?

But plunging into these speculations is to succumb to the obsession of The Affair. Mr. Chapman's narrative is admirably done, despite its flaws; and perhaps there are no flaws. It is different when we come to the wider aspects of

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the case. Here Mr. Chapman is thoroughly perverse, and perverse of intent. He knows what he is doing. He wants to bring in a verdict in favour of the Establishment—a verdict that would be popular in an officers' mess (or its modern equivalent, the board of a nationalised industry). Now the awkward fact of the Dreyfus case is that Dreyfus was innocent and yet all the Establishment said that he was guilty. Mr. Chapman does not waver at the call of class-loyalty. The nice people were wrong, but they were wrong from the highest motives, and they remained nice. The generals were worrying about the independence of the army; the politicians were worrying about the prestige of the generals; the Church was worrying about the souls of Frenchmen. They were not anti-semitic; they were not dishonest; they were extremely conscientious, trying very hard to do their best. Poor chaps, they just happened to be mistaken. They had backed a loser in all good faith.

As to the Dreyfusards, they happened to be right, but they were nasty all the same. Mr. Chapman has the very smart idea of calling the few nice advocates of Dreyfus "Dreyfusists" and the nasty majority "Dreyfusards." The Dreyfusists—to use this bogus word for once—wanted to get Dreyfus acquitted, but they wanted it done without fuss and without anyone losing prestige or reputation. The Dreyfusards wanted to pull the Establishment down with a bang and did not worry about Dreyfus as an individual. Zola was stuck for a subject; Clemenceau had to wash off the mud of Panama; Jaurès thought that Dreyfus was good material for a peroration. This is the old game of the Establishment, attributing unworthy motives to its opponents. Of course the Establishment really believes this rubbish. Mr. Chapman, like most members of common rooms and gentlemen's clubs, is sincerely convinced that every enemy of the Establishment is either a crook or a lunatic. The truth is quite other. Once hitch yourself to the Establishment and you must become the supporter of injustice sooner or later. You'll be lucky if you only send Dreyfus to Devil's Island; you may find yourself sending Sacco and Vanzetti or the Rosenbergs to the electric chair.

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New Novels

Not Honour More. By JOYCE CARY. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fugitive. By JEAN HOUGRON. *Hurst & Blackett.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

An Island is a World. By SAMUEL SELVON. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Simple Truth. By ELIZABETH HARDWICK. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Trilogies are unpopular in the book trade. They entail overtime. Nobody ever really believes the publisher's statement, however justified, that each volume is a separate novel on its own. The conscientious reviewer, anxious to be fair, dashes to the library, but can only find the middle part of the triptych, and emerges more confused than before. For novelists who wish to linger over a set of characters, a better plan is the Balzacian one of inventing an entire society; this, however, requires the gross creative energy of genius.

Not Honour More is the third book in Mr. Cary's series about Lord Nimmo, the Liberal demagogue, son of a miner turned farmer. The period is 1926, the narrator is Nimmo's friend and associate Captain Latter, an ex-cavalry officer married to Nimmo's former wife, Nina. (New readers can begin here—just.) The story, every word of it, is cast in the form of a statement made by Latter, after, as you discover on the last page, he has killed Nina. It begins with his account of how he tried to shoot Nimmo, having seen, or thought he saw, "this old swine over seventy years of age, interfering with my wife." In between, and intricately connected with the emotional situation, we get the effect of the General Strike on the part of Devonshire to which the action is rather rigorously confined. I am not quite sure how mad Mr. Cary intends Latter to seem, but to me he seems very mad indeed and I should write on his certificate: "strong paranoid tendencies; some unconscious homosexual trends; as yet no fully fledged delusional system but one may be expected to develop." His politics, of which we get a good deal, are those of the near-fascist-liberal-individualist; he scents plots, temporary alliances between big business and communists at the expense of the little man; but he is so hopelessly dotty that it is impossible to take him seriously as a representative of any ideology, even that of the ex-cavalry officer. As you can see, he is quite impressive as a piece of characterisation, but he makes a very tiring narrator.

There are some inconsistencies in the period reconstruction. Too much of the present is projected back into the past. Once, Latter is reminded of the London streets after a November raid (admittedly, there were raids in the first world war but no one thought like that about them in 1926). Some of the slang—"commies"— and also some of the political ideas are pre-dated. Altogether, I got an impression of rather strained contrivance, as if Mr. Cary had been forcing his imagination.

M. Hougron's masters are, I should say, Simenon certainly, Camus possibly, perhaps also Graham Greene; but their influences have been fairly thoroughly assimilated. *The Fugitive* opens like a thriller. Paul Horcier, a shady young clerk, smuggles dollars to Saigon where he is going to a new job. This is just a device to get him on the run when he arrives. He picks up—asexually, always a promising sign—an Annamite girl named Anh and goes with her to her village. There he undergoes a total, yet almost convincing moral regeneration; he organises food and medical supplies for the peasants who are fever-stricken, half starved, exploited by the French, and oppressed by periodical extortionate visits from Viet Minh guerillas. Altogether he behaves like a dedicated commissar, or saintly existentialist. His end, bumped off when back in Saigon, ties up neatly enough with the beginning and provides the right futilitarian touch. The swampy village scene, and the native characters, especially the girl's father and young brother, Haum, are excellently done, vivid and moving.

Mr. Selvon is one of the handful of interesting young writers produced by the Caribbean upsurge. In *An Island is a World* he traces the fortunes of two Trinidadian Indian brothers, Foster and Rufus. (The Trinidadian Indians, mainly of Malayan origin, are an important minority in the island; the rapport between them and the Negroes is not of the closest.) Foster is a thoughtful intellectual, Rufus a cheerful if unlucky clown. They marry at different times, two sisters, daughters of a nicely characterised, drunken old jeweller. When the war comes their paths diverge. Foster joins the navy, cruises in the Caribbean, and goes to London where he has a frustrating love affair with an English girl. Rufus knocks about in New York. Later they unite in Trinidad and Foster solves his eternal adolescent problem by marrying Jennifer. The island parts are the best. Mr. Selvon is inclined to moralise at times and he still carries, perhaps inevitably, a few chips on his shoulder; but he has genuine talent. He handles the Trinidadian way of speech brilliantly, and can give you the impression of a character in the turn of a phrase.

Miss Hardwick is a promising young American intellectual. She combines the attitude of the zestful zoologist of fiction—man is my favourite species—with a pinch of preciosity and sensibility. She adores all her characters equally and interrupts her story to fill in all the details about them. Fortunately *The Simple Truth* is a story that can stand a certain amount of neglect. It is the trial of Rudy Peck, an Iowa College boy charged with strangling his girl friend who has been leading him on, and its effect on certain members of the university intelligentsia, notably Anita, wife of a chemistry professor and a keen amateur psychologist and fastidious gracious-liver, and Joseph Parks, a young writer with a social conscience married to Doris, a sexually cosy athlete. No tremendous changes take place in any of them, but everybody behaves very naturally; characters are revealed; interest is held all the way. The surprise result of the trial is sprung with a touch of impish obliquity. Traces of Forsterism and Trillingism and various intellectual whimsies may be discerned here and there, but Miss Hardwick has a distinct touch of originality. Her writing, apart from a rather heavy, adjective-laden beginning, is firm and clear, and suitably feminine. A most satisfactory debut.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

From Madhouse to Asylum

Lunacy, Law and Conscience, 1744-1845. By KATHLEEN JONES. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

This thorough survey of the treatment of the insane in England from the time of the Vagrancy Act of 1744 to the passing of Lord Ashley's Lunatics Act in 1845, although primarily written for the benefit of professional sociologists, contains much to interest the general reader. In 1744 such lunatics as made themselves a nuisance were distributed and confined in gaols, workhouses, private madhouses or at Bethlem Hospital (their only recognised habitat since the Middle Ages); and the prevailing belief was that madness was the work of the Devil. A hundred years later insanity was recognised as a peculiar sort of disease, the mad were regarded as unfortunate rather than possessed, and Lord Ashley succeeded in congregating them in special asylums. This improvement in lunatics' circumstances was not due to the march of science. Medical men were no wiser about the causation and cure of insanity in 1845 than they were in 1744. But in the interval King George III had gone out of his mind,

and the humanitarians and rationalists had combined to make an impact on the climate of public opinion.

George III's bouts of madness predisposed his subjects to take a more charitable view of mental disease, but it was the steady pegging of the Saints and the Benthamites which regularised the legal status of lunatics and rescued them from being treated like wild beasts by their keepers. The founding of The Retreat at York in 1792 by the Quakers started the new dispensation. Here thirty insane patients, either Quakers or recommended by Quakers, were given "moral" treatment for their affliction, or, as we should call it nowadays, occupational and recreational therapy: there was no brutality, and strait-waistcoats were only to be used in dire extremity. The results were most gratifying; the patients appreciated their homely surroundings and behaved well. The Retreat became a show place for humanitarian visitors from all parts of the world, and lit the beacon for the reform of rival establishments. Committees of Inquiry and Acts of Parliament followed in due course. As soon as asylums and madhouses became subject to official investigation, chains were struck off, whips were put away, and pale lunatics emerged from foul, underground dungeons into the light of day. Bethlem alone, relying on its prestige, kept inquisitive liberals at bay. This famous institution had become the private bailiwick of the Monro family, a dynasty of Scottish doctors who believed in old-fashioned recipes for curing madness. Until 1844 no doctors from outside were even allowed a peep at their patients; and it was not until 1853 that this Bastille of conservatism altered its policy and succumbed to inspection by the Lunacy Commissioners.

Miss Jones deserves nothing but praise for her admirable research in a field where she has had no predecessors. She shows clearly that the change in the accepted treatment of lunacy from "restraint," as it was politely termed, to "non-restraint" was brought about, as are most humanitarian reforms, by the persistent advocacy of a few high-minded individuals. The zeal of reformers, however, often outruns their discretion; and the science of the twentieth century has brought an ironical turn in the history of insanity. After all, lunatics do not enter hospital to be taught in the kindliest possible way how to plait straw, to cobble shoes, to weave baskets or to grow tomatoes: they go there to get cured and return as fast as possible to the pleasures of sanity. Miss Jones need not have been so critical of the obscurantism of old Dr. Monro, for the gross empiric methods of the eighteenth century, beating madmen and plunging them suddenly into icy water, are revived today, without any brutality, by the lowering of vitality with insulin coma and electric shock.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

To Lie Abroad

Renaissance Diplomacy. By GARRETT MATTINGLY. *Cape.* 25*s.*

The business of an ambassador is peace . . . an ambassador labours for the common good . . . an ambassador is sacred because he acts for the general welfare . . .

The first duty of an ambassador is exactly the same as that of any other servant of the government, that is, to do, say, advise and think whatever may best serve the preservation and aggrandisement of his own state.

The two voices are in direct contrast. They speak from different ends of the fifteenth century. The first is that of an archbishop, a canonist, a believer in the *pax Christiana*; the second is a Venetian diplomat's, writing for a new and transitional profession—"the voice of the new age." For Bertrand de Rosier the Commonwealth of Christendom was no impracticable ideal but a legal entity which all churchmen automatically accepted. To Ermolao Barbaro such a Commonwealth meant a congeries of nation-states, hostile, egocentric, devouring in their need, total in their demand for allegiance. "I place this object of his highness," wrote Bishop Fonseca, "higher than my immortal soul." An incidental purpose of this brilliant book is to discover how it came about that such an honest old man—and a trained theologian at that!—should so shockingly have meant what he said.

The new diplomacy, as a branch of the new statecraft, the new *Realpolitik* of the fifteenth century, hailed, like most innovations of the period, from Italy. Professor Mattingly argues convincingly that it was the result of a vacuum of power, "a gap in the medieval system of hierarchically ordered duties and loyalties" only to be filled "by the political inventiveness of Italians." The Great Schism, the quarrels of Pope and Emperor, had produced a monstrous birth—the first secular states in Christian Europe. Geography was an effective midwife:

> . . . the relative concentration of population and the restricted area to be administered enabled the Italian city states to find the means necessary for the ends of government to an extent long impossible to the sprawling, loose-jointed northern monarchies . . . In external relations, scale had a double effect. The comparative efficiency of the new Italian states (in part a function of their limited areas) enabled them to pursue the objectives of their foreign policy with greater continuity and agility than Europe could show elsewhere. At the same time, the presence within the limited space of upper Italy of armed neighbours, equally efficient, agile and predatory, made continuous vigilance in foreign affairs a prime necessity.

And so the age of vigilance, in which we are still living, began. Outwardly, the paraphernalia of diplomacy remained the same. The public audience with one's own sovereign, the reception at the gates of the foreign capital, the "solemn entry," the ceremonial audience (with its opportunities for showing one's paces as a Latinist), the ensuing banquet—all this went on much as before. But the day-to-day conduct of business

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MUSEUM PRESS

changed completely. The embassy of occasion evolved gradually into the resident ambassador, the agency became a chancery, archives were preserved, system introduced, ciphers invented and broken and re-assembled, elaborate networks of espionage and counter-espionage built up. Long before Italian diplomacy had reached the limit of its development, the new efficiency-inducing mechanism had made its way across the Alps, tardily infecting Charles V and Francis I and, less languidly, King Ferdinand of Castile-Aragon. To the young Henry VIII this new foliation of power politics was a godsend. It provided the ideal *mise-en-scène* for his dreams of kingly glory:

> For Rome, nothing but a cardinal-archbishop would do The arrival there of Christopher Bainbridge, archbishop of York, in princely splendour, with large, vague plans for upsetting the French, rearranging Italy and generally tidying up Christendom, signalled to all Europe, if not exactly the opening of a new era in diplomacy, at least the arrival of a new, unseasoned player in a game where all the older players, by now, were sore and hard-bitten and wary.

(The writer might have mentioned the sinister way in which this gorgeous mission ended. In 1514 Bainbridge was poisoned by one of his chaplains, who later declared that he had been instigated by the Bishop of Worcester, the envious resident ambassador.)

Professor Mattingly follows up his account of Italian diplomacy with a survey of its trans-Alpine equivalent—the Hapsburg system ("static, defensive, conservative") matched with its opponent, the "dynamic, divisive, disintegrating" policy of France. He makes us, his lay readers, free of the whole field, enlivening the thread of negotiations with aside-chapters on the diplomatic life of the period—immunity, salaries and allowances, the traits and skills which his contemporaries thought the perfect ambassador should possess. The latter, as was typical of that strenuous age, were exhaustive, nothing less than the complete humanities, all modern languages and most of the sciences, together with temperance, fortitude, tact, a good pedigree and a handsome appearance. Only good health would appear to have been inessential.

> One remembers De Puebla's limp, Chapuys's crippling gout, Mendoza's blindness, Gondomar's fistula, and suspects that, in that tough period, diplomacy was regarded as one of the more sedentary and valetudinarian occupations.

Professor Mattingly has written a remarkable book: bold, scholarly and original, it will appeal equally to the expert and to the historically minded general reader. He takes leave of us at the outset of the Thirty Years' War, bowing his subject out with a few tentative, lapidary remarks about Grotius and the new science of international law. The true imaginative close is to be found a couple of chapters previously—in the portrait of Gondomar, the Spaniard who imposed his country's policy upon James I by a mixture of shrewdness, personal friendship and sheer force of character. Gondomar, the bugbear of English Protestantism, the villain-hero of Middleton's *A Game of Chess*, was the greatest diplomat of his day. He makes a fitting pendant to the age of the new diplomacy.

JOHN RAYMOND

Doctor's Dilemma

AT the height of his career Ivan Ivanovich, famous neurosurgeon and leading public figure, suddenly realised that his marriage was breaking up.

Deeply absorbed in his work he had been unaware that he was losing the love of his wife Olga to a young engineer named Tavrov.

Why was Ivanovich unable to hold the affection of the woman he was devoted to? What caused them to drift apart? Was Olga wrong to leave her husband?

This conflict of human emotions, set against the background of life in the Soviet North, is the theme of the finely written novel *Ivan Ivanovich*, by Antonina Koptayeva.

One of the first post-war Russian books to deal frankly with this problem, *Ivan Ivanovich* can be ordered through any bookseller, price 5s., post 6d., or direct from Collet's Bookshops, Dept. D, 44 and 45, Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

Old Masters at One Remove

Giotto: Frescoes in the Upper Church at Assisi. Fra Angelico. Rembrandt. THE GALLERY OF MASTERPIECES. *Hamish Hamilton. 63s. each.*

Each of these sumptuous albums contains about thirty colour plates as large and ambitious as anything that could well be put between the covers of a book. Although the matt surface has obvious disadvantages for anything but frescoes, the effect is none the less striking at first sight. These plates are "by Annibale Belli": the announcement, which is given an enormous page to itself in each book, is something of an innovation. But it is evidently justified, for the elaborate process of numerous printings by which the reproductions are made seems to involve, as usual, a good deal of handwork. The effect of this is almost always unfortunate. However good the hand (and this one seems a little better than average) something is interposed between us and the pictures. The depth of modelling varies from colour to colour: the surface of the original disappears: worse, the character of the original unity vanishes, as it does from any copy: the expression of the girl in the *Night Watch* changes from plate to plate.

Mr. Belli's method is by current standards discreet and there is an occasional complete success—a detail from Rembrandt's *Presentation* is one of them. But one senses almost everywhere a convention and a kind of artistry which is not quite the artist's own. One soon longs for a reproduction which is not "by" anybody but the man who minds an efficient machine. The most modest collection of plates would deserve better historical backing, and a better text than the anonymous, obsolete and boring introductions to these books. Twelve plates out of the twenty-nine in the *Fra Angelico* show pictures that are, according to the best advice, by the presumed Zanobi Strozzi. The reader of the *Giotto* never learns that it has been a matter of controversy whether the master ever worked at Assisi at all.

Those who regard colour reproduction as in essence vicious will find some evidence here to support their view. But it seems more realistic to take account of the many people, with shallow purses and normal bookshelves, who want and need to know about the colour of pictures that they have not seen. They, and the original pictures, are better served by printers who keep their sights low than by a hubristic ambition to usurp the functions of the real thing.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Shorter Reviews

Supernatural Tales. By VERNON LEE. *Peter Owen. 15s.*

On the dust wrapper of this book the publishers claim the "discovery" of "a great but forgotten writer of the past." Vernon Lee was not a great writer and it is no service to her memory to pretend that she was. She was an intelligent, courageous, original, gifted, amusing, enthusiastic human being, but in her writings, attractive though they are, she was never able to convey any of those characteristics in its fullness save the last.

She made her reputation as a young girl by her learned and evocative studies of the Italian eighteenth century, then a forgotten period. The latter part of her life she dedicated to the pursuit of psychological æsthetics, and in this connection produced a number of works that preserve the obscurity without advancing the ideas of her German masters. Standing rather to one side is a third category, her topographical writings, perhaps the finest of their kind, sketches of towns and places, particularly in Italy and Germany, vivid and direct yet without that harsh fortuitous "snapshot" quality which mars most writing of this genre. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of this manner in *Supernatural Tales*, in the description of a decaying country house in the Veneto, or of an Italian hill-town in winter; but not often enough. Occasionally we have to ask ourselves how someone with such a mocking, incisive sense of the absurd as Vernon Lee reveals herself to possess in her letters, could be so humourless. The answer, presumably, is enthusiasm, an absorption in the strange and the past, and it is this quality which secures our indulgence. These stories have Italy or Spain for their setting, and portray the Renaissance or the eighteenth century as seen through "Gothick" eyes.

Art Fakes and Forgeries. By FRITZ MENDAX. *Werner Laurie. 18s.*

Who were Rouchomowski, Dossena and Van Meegeren? They were masters of the craft of forgery. It is of them, and of countless other deceivers, gay or calculating, that Herr Mendax tells us in his book. He plays lightly up and down the gamut of deception, from Venturius Mamurius, the ancient Roman who fabricated eleven identical shields, to James Macpherson, the eighteenth-century Scot whose translations of Ossian duped so many and such otherwise keen brains. Philosophers have long been puzzled by the relationship of truth to illusion in art. The mimetic function has its dangers. Where does virtuosity end and *trompe-l'oeil* begin? Should one admire the Baroque heavens of Padre Pozzo, or disapprove?

Such are the questions that Herr Mendax poses and tries to answer, sometimes helpfully, sometimes with a displeasing jocularity. Mostly, however, he discusses individual fakes and counterfeits. Here we may discover the truth about Andrea del Sarto's portrait of Leo X, or learn that there are more forged Corots in existence than genuine, or merely marvel at the fabulous tiara of Saitaphernes. Swann's way with a forgery was brisk: "I should just call it a bad joke," he told the Duc de Guermantes. Herr Mendax is not so economical of words, but he nevertheless has written a pleasant discursive guide to his eponymous kingdom. He could have been better served by his translator.

Medieval Cornwall. By L. E. ELLIOTT-BINNS. *Methuen. 35s.*

Cornwall has been fortunate in its historians in this century. Charles Henderson, A. L. Rowse and Miss Coate have all combined scholarship with the power to relate local evidence to national and European problems. From the Henderson collection of documents and transcripts Dr. Elliott-Binns derived the stimulus to begin his work; in Mr. Rowse's *Tudor Cornwall* he found the model for the organisation of his material. And since regional studies have recently done so much to enlarge and transform our knowledge this book will attract the attention of readers without Cornish attachments.

Cornwall in the Middle Ages was predominantly Celtic in its language, legends and agricultural poverty: with Devon it was also the main source of tin for the European market. It was a colonial territory, its resources organised and tapped by the crown, the earldom and duchy of Cornwall, the bishopric of Exeter and an absentee nobility. Much of the interest of medieval Cornwall lies in the operation of these external forces on so distinctive a society. Yet Dr. Elliott-Binns has failed to produce more than a useful, rather laboured survey. Partly this is the fault of the evidence. The author comments discouragingly that "a historian of Cornwall who restricted himself to facts alone would produce a work as bare and desolate as the Bodmin moors." Partly it is because he is more concerned to relate his inquiry to supposedly valid generalisations about medieval life than to ask the interesting questions of the evidence available. It is neither helpful nor true to say that "during the Middle Ages England had little call either to export or import"; it is inconsistent and largely irrelevant to Cornwall to point out that the wool trade provided a large volume of exports; and the repeated expression of the view that all medieval people were brutal and animal does not advance understanding.

American Government. By RICHARD H. PEAR. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

This book is deliberately designed for the English reader, who finds most "introductions" to American politics too complicated to be intelligible, and most "standard" texts beyond the comprehension of anyone but a specialist. It is difficult to write such a book: to omit and condense comes much harder than detailed verbosity. But Mr. Pear has produced a volume which should be much in demand by general readers as well as students coming fresh to the subject. In nine chapters—supplemented by fifty pages of appendices on the Constitution and U.S. history—Mr. Pear has managed to give a clear outline of the Constitution, the parties, the Presidency, the Courts, and both the Civil Service and local government. He writes in an easy style, but he has not written down; and he has put a surprising amount of flesh on the bare bones of his subject.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,313

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a man (or woman) story told by a dog, fish, horse or bird. Limit 150 words. Entries by May 3.

Result of No. 1,310

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to compose a rhymed curse on a breaker of the new Highway Code (motorist, cyclist or pedestrian). Limit 12 lines.

Report

Curses, as most competitors agreed, should be full-blooded, for even a learner-driver would hardly flinch at A. M. Sayers's mild admonition:

> If I must pronounce a curse—
> Let them suffer nothing worse,
> As punishment for lack of care,
> Than a salutary scare.

K. S.'s outspoken lines had a stronger flavour:

> . . . thee's smashed my car
> But why the bloody Hell
> Could thee not do t' job proper like
> And smash the wife as well?

But a curse which introduces an extraneous thought such as this lacks perhaps the envenomed concentration needed for its full effect.

More than one competitor suggested a "No Entry" sign at Heaven's gates; J. P. Comyn hoped the motorist of his ill-wishing would collide with a judge; and D. L. L. Clarke fitted the punishment to the crime with a driving-test in a warm place.

For those statistically minded, motorists reaped two-thirds of the maledictions, pedestrians a quarter, cyclists a mere handful.

Joyce Johnson out-cursed her fellow-competitors and earns two guineas for an entry calculated to curdle any motorist's blood. Prizes of one guinea each go to John Levitt (for an ingenious Hopkins curse on a pedestrian), Mrs. G. M. Lawson and H. A. C. Evans. Half a guinea each to Allan M. Laing and Mrs. H. Vineham for appropriate imprecations on cyclists. Runners-up in an inspired collection of entries: A. D. Bennett Jones, Edward Blishen, B. J. Ellis, Snomis and Melville.

MOTORISTS

> Scorcher, be you scorched as much
> Firmly held in Devil's Clutch,
> May the horn on which you sped
> Sprout in two upon your head,
> Catseyes filched from roadside pockets
> Burn within your shrivelled sockets,
> Roast in fire with none to dim it
> At a speed that knows no limit,
> Wail and hoot, and hoot and wail
> Tail to Nose, and Nose to Tail.

JOYCE JOHNSON

> Curse you in starting, reversing and braking,
> Curse you in skidding when travelling at speed,

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Curse you in pistons, in fan and ignition,
Curse you in wiring, magneto and plugs,
Curse you in cylinders, tyres and transmission,
Curse you in springing, upholstery, rugs!
Curse you in camshaft, exhaust, differential;
Soon may your car be a horrible wreck!
Curse you in all your affairs pestilential;
Soon may the Fates break your fat, ruddy neck!

H. A. C. EVANS

Cursed be the driver who shall dare
To over-ride the Zebra's lair.
(But cursed be she who gossips there!)

Cursed if, when warning signs appear,
He gapes at wonders far and near.
(But cursed be she who says " *Look*, dear ")

Curse him, the speed hog, record-blaster,
Who shows that lorry which is master.
(But cursed be she who says " Go faster!")

Curse him who drives to his downfall,
But let your loudest curses fall
On *her* who sweetly caused it all.

G. M. LAWSON

PEDESTRIANS

You, not waiting the Cróss Now, béar
Your cross now: háte's hymn, your sín-sóng.
Silk-sacked shape, still simpering there,
Be blótch-móttled, skín-pímpled, long
Un-man-loved, miseried, maid-mocked, madam;
Be thralled by man-wolves, morselled into pangs;
Be chain-bound stake-stocked, mulled in tar macadam;
Feéd (O my God) feár's féll furious fángs;
Escape your inscape, be yourself unselved,
Your ghost-gathering, gloom-gaping grave's ditch delved
In a dreadful dingle. Thén, tingle, itch,
Pitched on a prong unpitied in pit of pitch.

JOHN LEVITT

CYCLISTS

Pernicious Pest who loves to skim
Beneath my mudguard's very rim . . .

May your pedals and your chain
Come detached on Salisbury Plain!
May a lorry vast as Titan
Block your view from Poole to Brighton!
Yapping dogs your legs pursue
All the way from Ham to Kew,
And when you're nearing Clapham Junction,
May your brakes refuse to function . . .

Juggernaut be at your heel—
And mine the hand that holds the wheel!

H. VINEHAM

May all the fiends from down below
Plague sinning cyclists whom I know,
Who cock snooks at the Highway Code,
Preferring footpaths to the road;
Let casual nails point upward lie
To greet their tyres as they pass by;
Bewitch their brakes that they may fail
And prove that human bones are frail;
For ever damn the rogues to seek
And oil in vain some grating squeak;
Their bicycles—a final grief—
Bestow on some deserving thief.

ALLAN M. LAING

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The Chess Board

No. 290 In Praise of Strumming

It may well be that for a chessplayer to concoct a game along certain opening lines is akin to a musician's delight in strumming or, indeed, in fiddling around a certain theme in the true meaning of the term. Certainly a good many competitors have concocted some convincing proof that in the Q-Gambit Accepted any attempt to hold on to the gambit pawn would be very ill-advised. My special prize is shared by R. W. B. Clarke and A. J. Head whose neat little concoction deserves a reward even though it happens to be a (slightly varied) rediscovery of a book-variation. But it is a very useful one to know.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(6) Kt-K5	B-R3
(2)	P-QB4	P x P	(7) P x P	P x P
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(8) P-QKt3	P x P
(4)	P-K3	P-QKt4	(9) R x B	Kt x R
(5)	P-QR4	P-QB3	(10) B x P ch	

Clarke's contribution is valuable for the very reason that, even though devoid of any spectacular coup it provides convincing proof of our thesis. By the time the middle-game is reached White has comfortably regained the gambit-pawn while Black's vain efforts to hold on to it have landed him in a distinctly inferior position.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(10) Q-R4 ch	QKt-Q2
(2)	P-QB4	P x P	(11) B x P	B x B
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(12) Kt x B	P-K3
(4)	P-K3	P-QKt4	(13) O-O	B-K2
(5)	P-QR4	P-B3	(14) B-R3	Kt-Q4
(6)	P x P	P x P	(15) R-B1	Kt-Kt3
(7)	P-QKt3	B-K3	(16) Kt x Kt	Q x Kt
(8)	P x P	P x P	(17) Kt-Q2	Q-Q1
(9)	Kt-K5	Q-B2	(18) Kt-K4	O-O

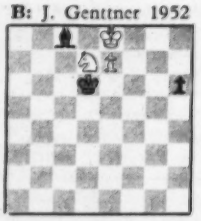
Black has a very difficult (and probably hopeless) game. Clarke suggested (19) B x B, Q x B, (20) R-B7, KR-Q1, (21) Q-B6, Q-K1, (22) Kt-Q6, Q-K2, (23) Kt-B8, etc.

Since a good many readers seem to like that sort of thing let us, once again, combine business and pleasure by applying the semi-creative thrill of concoction to the instructive proof of some axiom of opening theory. Most of us should know that in various types of the K-Gambit Accepted—such as the Cunningham Defence, to mention only one—Black would be well advised in counter-sacrificing a pawn by P-Q4 as soon as feasible. Competitors are invited to devise proper punishment for a player too stingy and narrow-minded to appease Caissa's fury by so sound a material investment in the restoration of positional equilibrium. For the best concoction (not necessarily a Cunningham), to reach me by May 23 I offer a special prize of a guinea chessbook token.

A: Bernhard 1954

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position (from a Junior Tournament) where, after (1) . . . R-KB4 ch, (2) K-Kt4 Black resigned. What else could he have done? **B**—White to win—and **C**—White to draw—should be well worth their 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B: J. Genttner 1952



C: A. Troitzky 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by May 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 287. Set April 2

A: (1) R-KR4, followed by R-R8 ch, a Q check on the KR file, etc.
B: (1) P-B5, PxB, (2) P-B6, P-Kt7, (3) Kt-Kt8, K-B4, (4) P-B7, etc., if (1) . . . P x P, (2) Kt-Kt8, etc.
C: (1) Q-R8 ch, B-Kt1, (2) R-R5 ch, P x B, (3) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt, (4) K x P ch, R x R, (5) Kt-B7 ch, Q x Kt mate.

Many bouquets for **B** (and many stumped by it too). **C**, alas, is cooked by (2) . . . P-B3. Prizes shared by: W. H. L. Brooking, A. E. Harris, M. Jacobs, M. Kaye, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

First prize of the 20th decade goes to C. Sandberg who totted up 807 points since he started from scratch after the 15th decade in February, 1954. Second prize to E. Allan who got his 784 after being amongst the 15th Dec. winners just over a year ago. Third (756) is C. Allen, one of the 14th Dec. winners in October, 1953, and fourth (705) is R. Russel, one of our more recent addicts.

ASSIAC

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Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

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HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21 until Sept. 1 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Graduate staff. Delightful country-house standing amongst pinewoods on coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illustrated prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

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FOR Sale: "N.S. & N.," "T.L.S.," 1949-54; Grove IV Edition, 6 vols., ½-leather—offers; Hanotaux, France, 3 volumes, plates—offers? Cylinder Dictaphone, 30 cylinders, shaver, working order.

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Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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Issued by

The WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Tib. 310

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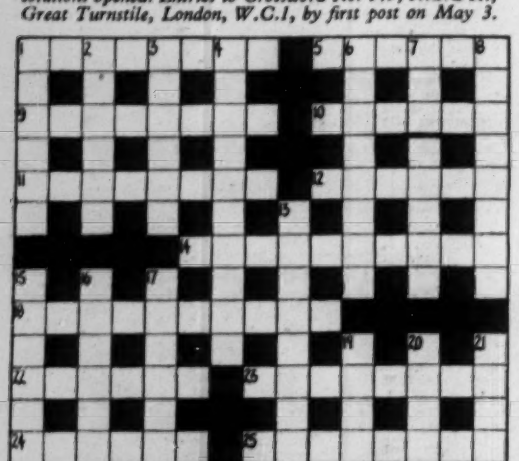
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 149, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 3.



ACROSS

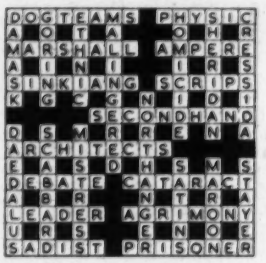
1. Elizabeth includes us in the affair (8).
5. The conservative scheme would make use of nearly all the high country (6).
9. Cricketers who get a mixed press about a brief knock (8).
10. Name a liberal in the city (6).
11. Punishment following insolence—girls put it on themselves (8).
12. The commentator discovers his destiny in skill (6).
14. The man on a ship who makes the smashing motor work (10).
18. Lord, there is a Roman deity before the French in a famous old city (10).
22. Cleans fish? (6).
23. Work in headquarters or prison (8).
24. English team provided with a captain and sent overseas (6).
25. In these journeys the atmosphere seems to be foul (8).
26. Fate is welcomed in the end (6).
27. Begs for food after rent reform (8).

DOWN

1. It starts with the upper part of the body but emphasises the lower (6).
2. Spare devil in the heavens (6).
3. Number among those words which are uncertain in etymology (6).
4. Criticisms which are exact and possibly sure (10).
6. "No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be," he said (8).
7. On these you cannot go fast, but running seems unnecessary anyway (3, 5).
8. Presentation with a famous actor in the lead (8).
13. Medal for a proportion of the company in the hide-out? (10).
15. Means of dismissal in the interval? (8).
16. They provide definite draws and the certainty of not losing (8).
17. Race madly, nearly all evidently ready for the post (8).
19. Coin with the sovereign below the country (6).
20. Finally her rival is destroyed (6).
21. "A pair of very strange——, which in all tongues are called fools" (*A.Y.L.I.*) (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 147



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 147

J. Ellis (West Croydon), Mrs. C. Holloway (Birmingham), Mrs. L'Auvergne (London, W. 14).

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CARNDODMAN Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho, near Truro, on the lovely Roseland Peninsula, has vacancies for May, June and early July. Don't miss this year's opportunity for a fine holiday in Cornwall's most beautiful district. Send s.a.e. for brochure; or 'phone Roseland 38.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research. Research Officer required in September, 1955, for work in Secondary Schools with special reference to Technical Education. Salary up to £1,100 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Teachers' superannuation scheme (or alternative scheme). Candidates should be Honours graduates and should have had adequate teaching experience. An academic qualification in psychology or education will be an advantage. Application for the above post on the special forms provided and giving the names of three referees must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Friday, May 6, 1955. Forms and further details on request. Ben S. Morris, Director, 79 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for post in School Broadcasting Department concerned with preparation of programmes for children of 3 to 9 years, including "Listen with Mother" and "Listen on Saturday." Sympathetic insight into interests and capacities of young children, good knowledge of children's literature, ability to select and write material for children of different ages essential. Musical and literary capacity, experience in working with children and informed interest in education desirable, but applicants with right personal qualities and talents will receive same consideration as those with specialised knowledge and experience. Salary £870 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "840 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ROYAL Hospital for Sick Children, Yorkhill, Glasgow. Applications are invited for the post of Almoner at the above Hospital. Applicants should hold the Certificate of the Institute of Almoners. The post is superannuable, and the salary and conditions of service are as laid down by the Whitley Council. Applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

CHILD Welfare Officers—London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CHA/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date May 31, 1955. (493.)

ESSEX Education Committee. Borough of Ilford. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of the University of London or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services (Great Britain), maximum £640 per annum, plus London Weighting. Application to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

GROUP No. 52 Hospital Management Committee, Holloway Sanatorium, Virginia Water, Surrey. Applications are invited for the appointment of Clinical Psychologist at the above mental hospital. The appointment is full-time non-resident. Salary and conditions are as for Whitley Council terms for professional and technical staff. Salary on scale £415—£500 if serving 3-year probationary period, and £575—£850 if holding certificate of proficiency. Applications should be sent to the Physician Superintendent giving full details of qualifications, age and experience, within 14 days.

PARK Prewett Hospital, Basingstoke, Hants. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Senior Psychiatric Social Worker, grade I—£500 × £20—£640 per annum. Psychiatric Social Worker—£470 × £15—£560 per annum. Applicants must be experienced and fully qualified. The senior will be required to develop and take full responsibility for her own area of work and the duties of both appointments will include work in connection with a Rehabilitation Unit established for clinical research purposes. Please apply to the Group Secretary not later than April 31, 1955.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2/4 Beaumont Street, London, W.1. Clinical Psychologist. Two appointments for probationary period, commencing October 1, 1955. Whitley Salary Scale and Conditions. Applications with full details of age, qualifications and experience, and names of three referees, to Medical Director by April 30, 1955.

RED Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone. French specialist teacher required. Grammar boarding school for maladjusted boys of very high intelligence. Burnham Scale. Details and application forms, s.a.e.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification, National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8. Senior Occupational Therapist with dual qualification reqd. Salary in accord. with Whitley Council scales. Applics. giving full particulars of training, qualifications and experience, with the names of two referees, to Secretary, Central Middlesex Group H.M.C., Acton Lane, N.W.10, by April 30, 1955.

HOUSEFATHER (single) reqd. by Middlesex County Council, Children's Dept., initially at Boys' Reception Centre, Teddington (accom. about 15 older boys). Preference given if exper. or trained in child care. Salary according to previous service on scale £395 × £15—£455 p.a. less £108 p.a. board & residence, plus £15 p.a. if Child Care Cert. held. Prescribed conditions. Application form (stmpd. add. f'scap env.) from Children's Officer, 10 Gt. George St., S.W.1, returnable by May 3 (quote Q.279 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. Ingwell School, Moor Row. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) Assistant Matron (resident), salary scale £240 × £15—£285, with addition of £30 per annum for recognised catering qualification. Qualification in Institutional Management or equivalent desirable. (ii) Clerical and General Assistant (woman, resident), salary scale £240 × £15—£285. Successful candidates will be given free board-residence at the School in return for some supervisory duties. Further particulars and application forms obtainable (upon receipt of stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope) from the undersigned, to whom completed applications should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. Gordon S. Bessey, Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted Sept. graduate man (under 30 prefd.) to teach English and French to children aged 10-13. Ability to take Games and/or P.E. a strong recommendation. Recog. co-ed. prog. day school. King Alfred School, North End Road, N.W.11.

FOR Summer Term: Resident Mistress, Art throughout prep. school, combined small K.G. group. Accom. son/young daughter possible. Box 6112.

ASSISTANT Librarian urgently required for Professional Society in Westminster. Salary £260 × £24—£500. Successful candidate will be placed within the scale according to age, experience, etc. 5-day week. Staff canteen. Contributory superannuation scheme. Box 6306.

EXPERIENCED teacher for general subjects for small school of junior boys. Emotional difficulties, but good intelligence. Burnham scale. Box 6236.

TRAVEL Agency reqs. male resident representative for duties abroad. Must be available May 20-Sept. 24, able speak French. Age 25-45. Write fully, Box 6396.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited from women (24-30 years of age) for general clerical duties in the Research Unit at the Child Study Centre. Shorthand typing is essential and a good standard of education. Salary scale £350—£20—£450 with membership of superannuation scheme on appointment to permanent staff. Applications in duplicate should be sent to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, as soon as possible.

SECRETARIAL Assistant aged 25-40 required for varied work concerning Educational Travel and Interchange, in small office N.W.3. Must have good speeds and be prepared to take an active and intel. interest in the work. Good knowl. of French an asset. Excel. prospects for applicant with good personality. Some Saturdays. Write for interview giving full particulars of age, experience & present salary. Box 6341.

SECRETARY required for Consultant Psychiatrist. Responsible person to deal with confidential material. Good shorthand/typing speeds. Opportunity to acquire specialised knowledge. Possibility of subsequent appointment as research assistant. Preferably 30-35. Good salary. Full details of previous experience to Box 6416.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

INDUSTRIAL Photographer wants bookkeeper/typist (shorthand an advantage) to run his office. £8 10s. a week, no Saturdays. 'Phone CAN. 1411.

EXECUTIVE Director of important Anglo-Israel organisation, Wimpole Street, requires Sec./Sh.-typist; interesting work calls for intelligent young woman of good speeds, education, appearance and personality. Box 6339 or 'phone HUNter 0356, Ext. 6.

WARDEN'S Secretary (resident) required June. Shorthand-typing essential. Interest in social work an advantage. Further particulars from University Settlement, Bristol 5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TURNSTILE Press requires Advertisement Manager for educational journals. Opportunity for young man with experience. Apply the Secretary, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

ADULT Education Centre has two immediate vacancies in house team (secretarial and horticultural). Apply Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

ADAPTABLE women, good shorthand or copy typists, are offered posts with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). Women taking up these positions enjoy greater security than the majority of "Temps," as they carry both holiday and sickness pay. Good salaries. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

EXPERIENCED secretary/shorthand-typist wanted for head office of national organisation. Apply with full details of qualifications and experience to Box 6338.

ENCOUNTER Magazine reqs. sh./typist. Letters only to 25 Haymarket, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires temporary clerks, 4-6 months. £5-£6 p.w. according to experience. 'Phone HUS. 2184, Vacation Work Organiser.

EXPD. shorthand-typist June/Sept., also copy typist same period. Gd. wages, short hrs., no Sats. Apply Dryden, TEM. 7237.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

LONDON correspondence school will shortly have an opening for a capable secretary (age 21-30). Interesting opportunity for an intelligent woman seeking a congenial post. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and salary required to Box 6136.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

PART-TIME secretary / shorthand-typist reqd. Hours 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday to Friday. Apply Employment Officer, Godfrey Phillips, 112 Commercial Street, E.1.

MOTHER'S Help for prof. musician, widow, 2 boys, 5 & 7 (at school). Congenial job, convenient locality. Mrs. Lindley, 79 Bolleau Rd., Ealing, W.5. PER. 4318.

COMPANION, daily, to elderly lady (not invalid); Hendon district; some light housework and cooking; charwoman kept. Write Box 199, Rays, Cecil Ct., W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

NATIONAL Secretary (Male) of National Charitable Association, requires similar position. Good knowledge committee procedure, public speaking, appeals, fund raising, first-class organiser, willing to travel. Salary of secondary consideration if with worthwhile organisation. Box 6057.

EX-TRADE Union official (prof.) seeks employment: anything consid. Box 6258.

SECRETARY (older gentlewoman) seeks interesting part-time post; conscientious, experienced, accustomed handling correspondence unaided. Work literary nature preferred. Box 6252.

EXPERIENCED male bi-lingual S./T.; Spanish-French, perfect English, seeks responsible post. Box 6239.

EXP. Sh./Typist will undertake any kind of typing at home. Tel. PER. 0347.

ANY interesting post London, yng. male grad. with bus. exper.? Box 6352.

MARRIED woman (43). Experienced Case-work, Organising, Office routine. Shs. work own home. Approx. 10 hrs. p.w. Own typewriter, tel., room. Mod. remuneration. Steel, 75 Cavendish Gdns., Barking, Essex.

GERMAN/English Shorthand-Typist Secretary, fluent translator, seeks responsible post. Box 6049.

LADY Sec. S/T shs. part-time job, or work at home. Own machine. Box 6028.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARCh way 1765.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Ludn., W.1. May 6626.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SYDNEY Silverman, M.P. (writing on "German Rearmament—or Peace?") is among 30 contributors to the current Spring issue of "The Jewish Quarterly," including Alexander Baron, Michael Fraenkel, Abram Games, Ben Goodwin, Josef Herman, Wolf Mankowitz, Jon Silkin, Fred Uhlman, etc. 2s. 6d. (10s. 6d. per annum) from Jewish Literary Publications, 59-61 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

"SOVIET Writers' Congress 1954." Latest treatment available in English. Surkov, Simonov, Ehrenburg & Marshak in Part One. Ovechkin, Agapov, Sholokhov, Fedeyev & Leonov in Part Two. Writers' Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 1 & No. 2. Each part 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

CONTENTS of April "Plebs": "Years of Violence," by J. L. Williams; "The Tories and the Bank Rate," by Rt. Hon. A. Woodburn, M.P.; "Don't Standardise the Ladies!" by John Bright; "The School of the Future," by T. W. Moore; "Doubling the Standard of Living," "Mrs. Roosevelt—The Trade Unionist"; "From the Frying-pan into the Fire?" by J. S. Bidwell; "This Wicked World"; Part from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d., or 5s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

CHINA speaks at the Afro-Asian Conference. To keep fully informed on this conference and on the affairs of the 600 million of modern China you must subscribe to "China Reconstructs," a monthly illustrated magazine, price 8d. from all newsagents. Annual subscription 6s. 6d. from Dept. D, Collet's Bookshops, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

"SOVIET Criminal Code & Procedure"; D. Collard. Complete outline. Legal Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

"THE Liberal Catholic." A quarterly magazine of literary quality. Critical, sympathetic examination of religion and mysticism. A stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Trial subscription, 7s. per annum, to 30, Gordon St., London, W.C.1.

"THE People of Kenya Speak for Themselves," by Mbiyu Koinange. 2s. single copy, bundles of 6, 12, etc., 1s. 6d. per copy, all post free, from 7 Winchester Road, N.W.3. Ready Mon., April 25.

SUICIDAL strategy of H-Bomb, cause of the Bevan crisis in the Labour Party, fully analysed in "H-Bomb, Labour and Communism," by R. Palme Dutt. April "Labour Monthly." Order 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half-yearly subscription from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

DIANETICS & Scientology, the only complete Outline of. 2s. 9d. to Box 5882.

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscriptions. "National Geog. Magazine," 49s. 2d.; "Life" (Int.), 45s.; "Popular Mechanics," 32s.; "Popular Photography," 36s.; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

"ORGONOMIC Functionalism," 8th issue, Dianetics exp., Self-Reg., Part 7. Unique photo record of a healthy birth. Research, Review, Drawings, Poem. 3s. 6d. Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottm.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

NORTH Africa: Stop French Gestapo Tortures, Forced Prostitution. Read reports published Movement Colonial Freedom, 145 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. 6d. each.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 9030.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith Bkshop. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ALDWYCH. TEM. 6404. Evs. 7.30, W. & S. 2.30. Diana Wynyard, Margalo Gillmore, Malcolm Keen in "The Bad Seed."

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "The Midwife," Julius Hay. Tues.-Fri., 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. (Sun. club, 7.45).

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "South." Mems. 10s. yrly.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "Marching Song," by John Whiting. Opens to-night Fri., 7.30; also Sat., April 23, Sun., 24 (mems. only), Thurs., 28, Fri., 29, Sat., 30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

RONALD Duncan's "Our Lady's Tumbler," at St. Thomas's Church, REG. 8376, with Robert Eddison. 8.30. W. & S. 6.30.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "This Is It." Mems. 10s. yr. includes guest ticket.

ADELPHI. 6.10 & 8.50. Jimmy Edwards, Tony Hancock, Jill Day, "The Talk of the Town." TEM. 7611. Laughter Revue.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Ev. 8, S. 5.30 & 8.30, Th. 2.30. Pat Kirkwood, "Wonderful Town," Shani Wallis, Sidney James.

STOLL. Hol. 3703. Ev. 7.30 (Sats. 5.15 & 8.30, Wed. 2.30). Alfred Drake in "Kismet" with Doretta Morrow, Joan Diener

VICTORIA Palace. VIC. 1317. 6.15, 8.45. The Crazy Gang, Nervo & Knox, Bud Flanagan, Naughton & Gold. Jokers Wild.

RAY Ellington Quartet, Eddie Calvert, Lita Roza, Bob Monkhouse, Alfred Marks, Harry Gold and his Pieces of Eight at Gaumont State, Kilburn, N.W.6. MAI. 8081. Sun., April 24, 6 & 8.30. 3s. 6d.-7s. 6d.

BULGARIAN State Song and Dance Company of 110, Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane, W.C.2, until April 30. Mon. to Fri. at 7.45, Sats. at 5.30 and 8.30. Circle 16s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Stalls 13s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. Balcony (unreserved) 2s. 6d. For party bookings all seats (except Balcony) reduced 1s. from Box Office, Hol. 8881/9020, Cha. 3875.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 24: Uncut version "The Wages of Fear" (A). From April 25: Brilliant Japanese Film "The Gate of Hell" (A).

STUDIO One. Disney's Vanishing Prairie (U). 12.55, 3, 5.15, 7.30, 9.45, &c.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., April 23. Fred Astaire, Judy Garland in "Easter Parade" (U). 2. 4. 6. 8.

I.C.A. Dancing to Sidney Gold and his Orchestra, Sat., April 23, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Mem'ship. invited.

END the day on Eve of May at this month's Fabian Dance. Carnival time is on the bill with hats, masks, streamers, as you will. 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Prizes, Comps. Light Rfmts.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals, Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25, April 27: Geraint Jones, Organ Recital. Leaflets giving full programmes and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

BEETHOVEN Concerts. Royal Festival Hall at 8. Monday, April 25, Symphony No. 2, Emperor Concerto, Symphony No. 5—Soloist Moiseiwitsch. Wednesday, April 27, "Coriolan" Overture, Symphony No. 8, Violin Concerto—Soloist Wolfgang Schneiderhan. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Anthony Collins. 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

ELLY Ney. Only Recital in London this Season. (Presented by The Symphonia Concert Society.) Wigmore Hall, Wed., April 27, at 7.30. Beethoven Sonatas: Op. 13 (Pathetique); Op. 111; Op. 110; Op. 57 (Appassionata). 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., at Hall (Wel. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., 124 Wigmore St. W.1. Wel. 8418.

IRENE Scharrer. Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: George Hurst. Concert in aid of The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Royal Festival Hall, Monday, May 2, at 8. Symphony No. 2 (Beethoven); Piano Concerto No. 4 (Beethoven); Piano Concerto (Schumann); Adagio for Strings (Barber); Scherzo (Litolff). 25s. to 3s. 6d. at Hall (WAT. 3191) and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd. 124 Wigmore St. W.1 WEL. 8418.

PHILHARMONIA Orchestra. Conductor: Karajan. Royal Festival Hall, Sunday, May 1, at 7.30 p.m. Symphony No. 35 (Haffner) (Mozart); Symphony No. 4 (Sibelius); Symphony No. 4 (Tchaikovsky). 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d. at Hall (WAT. 3191) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418).

ROYAL Festival Hall, Thurs., May 5, at 8 p.m. Schubert—Mass in G; Finzi—Dies Natalis; Fauré—Requiem. Eric Greene, Pauline Bruckless, John Cameron. London Choral Society, Kalmar Chamber Orchestra. Cond.—John Tobin. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

CONCERTS—continued

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble (presented by The Orpheus Society), Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. Sunday, May 1, at 8 p.m. Bach Programme including "The Musical Offering." 9s., 6s., 3s., from Chappell's, usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418). At Museum only from 6.15 on Concert night.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble will be broadcasting Bach's Art of Fugue on Sun, April 24, Third Prog. at 8.25 p.m., & Tues., April 26, Home Service 9.45 p.m.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Bach, Quantz, Haydn. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Saturday, April 30, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

PIANO Quartets: Mozart K.478; Brahms Op. 60; Dvorak Op. 87. London Piano Quartet. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Sat., April 23, 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

I.C.A., at Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Friday, April 29, 8.15 p.m. Allegri String Quartet. Myra Verney, soprano. Marie Korchinska, harp. Desmond Dupré, guitar. Geoffrey Gilbert, flute. Schoenberg: String Quartet in F Sharp minor Op. 10 with soprano solo. Stravinsky: Songs for soprano, flute, guitar and harp. (First perf. England). Makoto Moroi: Partita for solo flute. Dorothy Gow: String quartet in one movement. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s. bookable in advance. WES. 4478 (mornings only) & WAT. 3191.

ADELPHI Theatre (by kind permission of Mr. Jack Hylton). Sunday, May 1, 7.30 p.m. The B.W.S.A. and "Reynolds News" present a Salute to May Day Concert with Songs of the People: Ipswich Co-op. Girls' Choir, The W.M.A. Singers, Cy Grant and other well-known artists, and Ballads and Blues: Ken Colyer's Jazz Band and Skiffle Group with Ewan MacColl, Fitzroy Coleman, George Harvey-Webb and A. L. Lloyd, Margaret Barry, Isla Cameron, Alf Edwards, Brian Daly, Bruce Turner and Michael Gorman. Prog. introduced by Tom Driberg, M.P. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (Party Reductions). B.W.S.A., 2 Soho Sq., W.1. GERrard 2680.

DOLMETSCH Concert. Dir.: Carl Dolmetsch. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Monday, April 25, at 7.30. Corelli, Telemann, Adson, Weelkes, Morley, etc. Elizabethan Songs (Alfred Hepworth). Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents

CAPRIOL Orchestra. Conductor: Roy Budden. Soloists: Doris Gambell (Soprano), Maurice Cole (Piano). Wigmore Hall, Tues., April 26, at 7.30. Prog. includes: Dies Natalis (Finzi); Piano Concerto in D major (Bach); New work for Voice & Strings (Norman Fulton); Music for Strings (Bliss). 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Imperial Concert Agy., 20 Kingly St. W.1 REG. 1140.

ERIC Parkin. Pianoforte Recital. Wigmore Hall, Monday, May 2, at 7.30. Sonata in D major, K.576 (Mozart); Variations on Corelli theme (Rachmaninoff) and works by Bach-Busoni, Chopin, John Ireland. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1 (REG. 1140).

ALEXA Maxwell. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall, Thurs., April 28, at 7.30. Works by Brahms, Reizenstein, Prokofieff, Bartok. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1. (Wel. 8418).

BRUNO Walter and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Festival Hall, Wednesday and Sunday evenings, May 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29, June 1. Soloists: Joan Hammond, Irmgard Seefried, Fischer-Dieskau, Marian Nowakowski, Claudio Arrau, Gladys Ripley, Norma Procter, Richard Lewis, Norman Walker, Campoli. The B.B.C. Chorus and Choral Society. Subscription tickets (7 concerts): 84s., 70s., 56s., 42s. Single tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Prospectus giving full details of programmes and tickets from Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

82nd Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 7, at 7.30. Christian Ferras (violin), Pierre Barbizet (piano); Sonatas by Fauré (Opus. 13) and Franck. Michel Sénéchal (tenor), Jacqueline Bonneau (piano): Songs by Fauré and Duparc. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall. WEL. 2141, and usual agents.

GABRIEL Banat. Violin Recital with Ernest Lush (Piano). Wigmore Hall, Sat. April 30, at 3. Works by Pergolesi, Chausson, Beethoven, Bartok, Vieuxtemps. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418).

J. S. BACH. Sonatas for Flute and Harpsichord. Elaine Shaffer (Flute) with Jaap Spigt (Harpsichord). Wigmore Hall, Friday, April 29, and Wed., May 4, at 7.30. Sub. for 2 Recitals: 16s., 10s., 5s. Single tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St. WEL. 8418.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., April 23, at 7.30. The English Opera Group presents Pettt Pears and Benjamin Britten, assisted by Anne Wood (Contralto), Dennis Brain (Horn). Songs by Britten (including new Canticle), Bridge, Ireland and Warlock. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., at Hall. (WEL. 2141.)

ENGEL Lund. Recital of Scandinavian songs at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, on Wed., April 27, at 7.30 p.m. N.B.L. members 1s. Non-members 2s.

CONCERTS—continued

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky); Students' Concert, Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, April 28, at 7.30 p.m. Invitation Programmes from 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

MAGDA Tagliaferro. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall. This Saturday, April 23, at 3 p.m. Sonata in A major, Op. 120 (Schubert); Sonata, Op. 5 (Brahms); Scenes d'Enfants (Mompou), etc., 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (Wel. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1. (Wel. 8418.)

TUDOR Singers, Conductor: Harry Stubbs. Programme of Elizabethan and Modern works. Wigmore Hall, Sat. April 30, at 7.30. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418).

LIEDER & Austrian Folk Songs sung by Tina Walles at St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, Mount St., W.1, on April 26 at 8 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Grantham, until May 1. Admission free.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Hans Christian Anderson Exhibition. Daily 11-5. Thursdays 11-8, Non-members, 1s. 3d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibitions by John Hersey and Stanley Lench.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Ext'd. to April 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings: Joe McGill & others. 11-5.30.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Raymond Guerrier. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 30.

"PARIS-Londres" Pictures acquired recently in France by Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Bonnard, Forain, Modigliani, Brianchon, etc. 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures by Jean Dubuffet. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. André Masson Exhibition and Watercolours by Moroni. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W.14. Exhibition illustrating "English Country Houses open to the public." April 26 to May 14. Admission free. Open weekdays 11-7. (Sats. to 5 p.m.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhibition Paintings by Manolis Calliyannis. Closing April 23. From April 26: Recent Paintings by Pierre Soulages.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. Collection of French Paintings. Private View April 26.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Pictures For Hire. Open daily from 11-6 inc. Sat. until May 4.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Elliott Seabrooke (1886-1950), daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, at 142 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Until May 14.

MEXICAN Architecture. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till May 2. Mon.-Fri., 10-7; Sat., 10-5. Adm. free.

AN exhibition, "Aspects of Italian Design," is being held, until April 30, in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Including furniture, fabrics and pottery as shown at the Tenth Triennalle at Milan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"ANY Questions?" Subject: "Great Britain and the Middle East." Panel: Captain Julian Amery, M.P., the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Mr. S. S. Hammersley, Professor L. F. Rushbrook Williams, C.B.E. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Lord Pakenham. At the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, on April 26 at 6 p.m. London members free: others 2s. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

"RICHARD III: His True Character," by Audrey Williamson. Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri., Apr. 29, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Presented by Shaw Society, 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

RACIAL Unity: Lecture, "Racial Relations in Malaya," Lt. Col. N. Read-Collins, F.R.G.S. 7 p.m., Mon., April 25, 32 Tavistock Sq. Mems. free, sub. 10s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Cantico di Frate Sole" will be given by Professor V. Branca (Padua) at 5.30 p.m. on May 2, at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. The lecture will be delivered in Italian. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Historical Problems of the Weimar Democracy" will be given by Professor H. Herzfeld (Berlin) at 5.30 p.m. on May 2, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

THE Rt. Rev. & Rt. Hon. J. W. C. Wand, D.D., Lord Bishop of London & Professor R. J. Zwi Werblowsky speak on Corresponding Great Teachings in Jewish & Christian Traditions. (b) The Conception of the Religious Community, on Wednesday, April 27 at 8.15 p.m. Rabbi L. I. Edgar, M.A., in the Chair. At King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. All are welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Douglas Jay, M.P., "The Budget". Wed., April 27, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., April 25, 8.15 p.m. Jazz Section: George Melly on "Sexual Imagery in the Blues," with gramophone records; discussion. Members 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Tues., April 26, 8.15 p.m. "Ballet." Marie Rambert will give a talk on subjects for ballet. Chairman: Tony Mayer. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

ALL Nations Social Club. Parliamentary Brains Trust on International Affairs and Current Problems. Brains: Robert Carr, M.P. (Cons.), Private Parliamentary Secretary to Prime Minister; Donald Wade, M.P. (Lib.); Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, M.P. (Lab.). Wed., April 27 at 8 p.m. at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Audience may hand in questions before 8 p.m. Doors open 7.45. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

MRS. Barbara Castle, M.P., and other personalities in Brains Trust on China Wed., April 27, 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

LECTURE and discussion: "Problems of Contemporary Realism." Guest Speaker: Peter de Francia. Refreshment Lounge, St. Pancras Town Hall, 8 p.m., Tuesday, April 26. Admission 2s., Students 1s. Arranged by the Artists Group of the Communist Party.

"MUSIC from Many Lands"—illustrated talk. Sunday, April 24, 7.30 p.m. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates, Paul Derrick & John Roddam: "The Crisis of Socialism: is there a way out?" Conway Hall, W.C.1. Thurs., Apr. 28, 7.30.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. April 30 at 6 p.m. Film: "Casque d'Or." French dialogue. English sub-titles.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Apr. 22. R. E. Prentice, B.Sc., "The Budget." Apr. 29: R. Higgins, "Man's Place in Evolution." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. Apr. 24. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Struggle for Survival." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Pre-Marital Advice," Dr. I. Bieter. Thurs., April 28, 7.30 punctually, Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

BUDDHIST Society. Wednesday, April 27, 6.30 p.m. Special Public Meeting at Junior Institution of Engineers, 14, Rochester Row, S.W.1. (behind Army and Navy Stores). "Buddhism in Daily Life": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., Apr. 29. Mrs. Chitrita Gupta: "Stories from the Upanishads." Chairman: Miss Vera Brittain. 62 Queen's Gdns, Bayswater.

ANOTHER "in-the-news" talk at Central Jewish Lit. Group. Mr. D. Sinai of the Israeli Embassy, invites your questions about Israel to-day, Wed., Apr. 27, 8 p.m. prompt, Folman's, Noel St. (Off Berwick St.), W.1. Visitors welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. April 24: "Theosophy and Progress."

YOGA and the Human Mind. Weekly lectures at Seymour Hall, W.1. Tuesdays at 6.30 p.m. April 26: "Meditation in Yoga." Admission free. Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., April 22, 8 p.m. Rev. Antony Bloom, "Enigma of Russian thinker Nicolai Federov." April 29, 8 p.m. Alexandra Wexler, "Andrey Byely" (in Russian).

THE Business and Professional Forum. "The Communist View of the World Situation." Speaker: R. Palme Dutt (Chairman of the Communist Party), Thurs., April 28, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Man the Measure." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 24, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

ANGLO-German Association: Dr. E. Gürster, German Cultural Attaché, on "The German Theatre", Thursday, April 28, 6.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Localism and Deixis in Bantu Linguistics" will be given by Professor H. P. Blok (Leiden) at 5.30 p.m. on May 3 and 5, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

"CONTEMPORARY Literature." Residential course, Mon.-Fri., May 16-20, at Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wiltshire. Inclusive charge £3 10s. Details of lecturers, etc., from The Warden.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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